THE EXPRESSIVE READERS

SEVENTH READER

EIGHT BOOK SERIES

BALDWIN & BENDER

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

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Paul Jones

READING WITH EXPRESSION

SEVENTH READER

BY

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F-P 10

TO THE TEACHER

THE paramount design of this series of School Readers is to help young people to acquire the art and the habit of reading well — that is, of interpreting the printed page in such manner as to give pleasure and instruction to themselves and to those who listen to them. In his seventh year at school the pupil is supposed to be able to read, with ease and with some degree of fluency, anything in the English language that may come to his hand; but, that he may read always with the understanding and in a manner pleasing to his hearers and satisfactory to himself, he must still have daily systematic practice in the rendering of selections not too difficult for comprehension and yet embracing various styles of literary workmanship and illustrating the different forms of English composition. The contents of this volume have been chosen and arranged to supply—or, where not supplying, to suggest—the materials for this kind of practice. Care has been taken to place before the young reader such selections as will be interesting to him and, at the same time, inspire him with a desire to read still more upon the same subjects or from the works of the same authors; for it is only by loving books and learning to know them that any one can become a really good reader.

The pupils should be encouraged to seek for and point out the particular passages in each selection

which are distinguished for their beauty, their truth, or their peculiar adaptability to the purpose in view. The habit should be cultivated of looking for and enjoying the admirable qualities of any worthy literary production; and special attention should be given to the style of writing which characterizes and gives value to the works of various authors. These points should be the subjects of daily discussions between teacher and pupils.

The notes under the head of "Expression," which follow many of the lessons, are intended, not only to aid in securing correctness of expression, but also to afford suggestions for the appreciative reading of the selections and an intelligent comparison of their literary peculiarities. In the study of new, difficult, or unusual words, the pupils should invariably refer to the dictionary.

The selections to be memorized are such as have been recommended and required by the departments of education in New York state and elsewhere. They should not be disregarded until the end, but should be studied and spoken at appropriate times throughout the year.

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SEVENTH READER

THE STORY OF BONNYBOY[1]

Bonnyboy's father was by trade a carpenter. His name was Grim Norvold, and there was scarcely anything he could not do. He could take a watch apart and put it together again. He could mend a harness if necessary. He could make a wagon. He loved work for its own sake, and was ill at ease when he had not a tool in his hand.

When his son was born, his chief delight was to think of the time when he should be old enough to learn the secrets of his father's trade. Therefore, from the time the boy was old enough to sit or crawl in the shavings, his father gave him a place under the turning bench and talked or sang to him while he worked. And Bonnyboy, in the meanwhile, amused himself by getting into all sorts of mischief. If it had not been for the belief that a good workman must grow up in the atmosphere of the shop, Grim would have lost patience with his son.

To teach Bonnyboy the trade of a carpenter was a task which would have exhausted the patience of all

[1] From "Boyhood in Norway," by H. H. Boyesen (1848–1895).

the saints in the calendar. If there was any possible way of doing a thing wrong, Bonnyboy would be sure to hit upon that way. But he persevered in spite of all difficulties, was always cheerful, and of good courage.

"Don't worry, father," he would say, "better luck next time."

"But, my dear boy, how can I help worrying when you don't learn how to do anything?"

"Oh, well, father," said Bonnyboy, soothingly, "I wouldn't bother about that if I were you. I don't worry a bit."

When Bonnyboy was twenty years old, his father gave up once for all his attempt to make a carpenter of him. A number of sawmills had been built along the river down in the valley, and the old rapids had been broken up into milldams, one above the other. At one of these sawmills Bonnyboy found work. His business was to roll the logs on to the little trucks that ran on rails and to push them up to the saws. Here they were taken in charge by another set of men, who fastened and watched them while they were cut up into planks. Very little art was required for this simple task; but strength was required, and of this Bonnyboy had enough and to spare. He worked with a will from morn till dewy eve, and was happy in the thought that he had at last found something that he could do. It made the simple-hearted fellow proud to observe that he was gaining his father's regard.

Grim invented all kinds of pretexts for paying visits to the sawmills. And when he saw Bonnyboy swinging his ax so that the chips flew about his ears, a dim anxiety often took possession of him.

"My poor lad," he would murmur to himself, "clever you are not; but you have that which the cleverest of us often lack."

There were sixteen sawmills in all, and the one at which Bonnyboy was employed was the last of the series. They were built on both banks of the river, and were supplied with power from artificial dams. In these the water was stored in time of drought and escaped in a mill race when required for use.

Then came the great floods. The mill races were kept open night and day, and yet the water burst like a roaring cascade over the tops of the dams, and the river bed was filled to overflowing with a swiftly hurrying tawny torrent. It filled the air with its rush and swash and sent hissing showers of spray flying through the tree tops. Bonnyboy and a gang of twenty men were working as they had never worked before in their lives, to strengthen the dams. If but one of them burst, the whole immense volume of water would rush upon the valley. The village by the lower falls and every farm within half a mile of the river banks would be swept out of existence.

Bonnyboy and his comrades were ready to drop with fatigue. It was now eight o'clock in the evening, and

they had worked since six in the morning. The moon was just rising behind the mountain ridges, and the beautiful valley lay, with its green fields and red-painted farmhouses, at Bonnyboy's feet. It was terrible to think that perhaps destruction was to overtake those happy and peaceful homes.

Bonnyboy could scarcely keep back the tears when this fear suddenly came over him. In the village below men were still working in their forges, and the sound of their hammer blows could be heard above the roar of the river. Women were busy with their household tasks. Some boys were playing in the streets, damming up the gutters and shrieking with joy when their dams broke.

Bonnyboy had been cutting down an enormous tree, which was needed for a prop to the dam. He had hauled it down with two horses, one of which was a half-broken gray colt, unused to pulling in a team. To restrain this animal had required all Bonnyboy's strength, and he stopped to wipe his brow with the sleeve of his shirt. Just at this moment a terrified yell sounded from above: —

"Run for your lives! The upper dam is breaking!"

The engineer from the top of the log pile cast a glance up the valley.

"Save yourselves, lads!" he screamed. "Run to the woods!"

The other men lost no time in obeying the warning.

'It was Bonnyboy, the carpenter's son."

But Bonnyboy, slow to understand as always, stood still. Suddenly there flared up a wild resolution in his face. He pulled out his knife, cut the traces, and leaped upon the colt's back. Shouting at the top of his voice, he dashed down the hillside at a breakneck pace.

"The dam is breaking! Run for the woods!"

He glanced behind to see if the flood was overtaking him. A great cloud of spray was rising against the sky, and he heard the yells of men through the thunderous roar. The dam was giving way gradually, and had not yet let loose the tremendous volume of death and desolation which it held inclosed within its frail timbers. The wild colt flew like the wind, leaving farm after farm behind it, until it reached the village.

"The dam is breaking! Run for your lives!" cried Bonnyboy, with a yell which rose above all other noises. In an instant all was in the wildest commotion. Shouting men, shrieking women, crying children, barking dogs, — but above all the ominous, throbbing roar as of a mighty chorus of cataracts! It came nearer and nearer.

Soon there came a deafening creaking and crashing; then a huge rolling wall, and then a chaos of cattle, lumber, houses, and barns, whirling and struggling upon the destroying flood.

It was the morning after the disaster. People encamped upon the hillside greeted each other in thankfulness. For many were found to be living who had

been mourned as dead. Mothers hugged their children with tearful joy, and husbands who had heard through the night the cries of their drowning wives, finding them at dawn safe and sound, felt as if they had recovered them from the very gates of death. When all were counted it was found that but very few of the villagers had been overtaken by the flood. The timely warning had enabled nearly all to save themselves.

And who was it that brought the tidings that snatched them from the jaws of death? Nobody knew. He rode too fast. And each was too much startled by the message to take note of the messenger. But who could he possibly have been? Was the rescuer an angel from heaven? Just then a lumberman stepped forward and said:—

"It was Bonnyboy, the carpenter's son. I saw him jump on his gray colt."

Expression: Read the entire story silently. Think of what you have learned in your geographies and elsewhere about Norway. Picture in your minds the scene of this story. Now read the story aloud, trying to convey to your hearers the correct meaning of every sentence.

Re-read with much care the conversation between Bonnyboy and his father. Select the paragraphs which require to be read with the greatest force and vivacity. Read them again and again until you are able to render them in a spirited manner, giving to each word its proper emphasis and inflection.

A LEGEND OF BREGENZ[1]

Girt round with rugged mountains
The fair Lake Constance lies;
In her blue heart reflected,
Shine back the starry skies;

And, watching each white cloudlet
Float silently and slow,
You think a piece of Heaven
Lies on our earth below!

Midnight is there: and Silence,
Enthroned in Heaven, looks down
Upon her own calm mirror,
Upon a sleeping town.

For Bregenz, that quaint city
Upon the Tyrol shore,
Has stood above Lake Constance
A thousand years and more.

Her battlements and towers,
From off their rocky steep,
Have cast their trembling shadow
For ages on the deep.

[1] By Adelaide A. Procter, an English poet (1825–1864).

Mountain and lake and valley
A sacred legend know,
Of how the town was saved one night
Three hundred years ago.

Far from her home and kindred
A Tyrol maid had fled,
To serve in the Swiss valleys,
And toil for daily bread;

And every year that fleeted
So silently and fast
Seemed to bear farther from her
The memory of the Past.

She spoke no more of Bregenz
With longing and with tears;
Her Tyrol home seemed faded
In a deep mist of years;

Yet, when her master's children
Would clustering round her stand,
She sang them ancient ballads
Of her own native land;

And when at morn and evening
She knelt before God's throne,
The accents of her childhood
Rose to her lips alone.

And so she dwelt, the valley
More peaceful year by year,
When suddenly strange portents
Of some great deed seemed near.

One day, out in the meadow,
With strangers from the town
Some secret plan discussing,
The men walked up and down.

At eve they all assembled;
Then care and doubt were fled;
With jovial laugh they feasted,
The board was nobly spread.

The elder of the village
Rose up, his glass in hand,
And cried, "We drink the downfall
Of an accursed land!

"The night is growing darker;
Ere one more day is flown,
Bregenz, our foeman's stronghold,
Bregenz shall be our own!"

The women shrank in terror
(Yet Pride, too, had her part),
But one poor Tyrol maiden
Felt death within her heart.

Nothing she heard around her
(Though shouts rang forth again);
Gone were the green Swiss valleys,
The pasture and the plain;

Before her eyes one vision,
And in her heart one cry
That said, "Go forth! save Bregenz,
And then, if need be, die!"

With trembling haste and breathless,
With noiseless step she sped;
Horses and weary cattle
Were standing in the shed;

She loosed the strong white charger
That fed from out her hand;
She mounted, and she turned his head
Toward her native land.

Out — out into the darkness —
Faster, and still more fast; —
The smooth grass flies behind her,
The chestnut wood is past;

She looks up; clouds are heavy;
Why is her steed so slow? —
Scarcely the wind beside them
Can pass them as they go.

"Faster!" she cries, "oh, faster!"
Eleven the church bells chime;
"O God," she cries, "help Bregenz,
And bring me there in time!"

But louder than bells' ringing,
Or lowing of the kine,
Grows nearer in the midnight
The rushing of the Rhine.

She strives to pierce the blackness,
And looser throws the rein;
Her steed must breast the waters
That dash above his mane.

How gallantly, how nobly,
He struggles through the foam!
And see — in the far distance
Shine out the lights of home!

They reach the gates of Bregenz
Just as the midnight rings,
And out come serf and soldier
To hear the news she brings.

Bregenz is saved! Ere daylight
Her battlements are manned;
Defiance greets the army
That marches on the land.

Three hundred years are vanished,
And yet upon the hill
An old stone gateway rises
To do her honor still.

And there, when Bregenz women
Sit spinning in the shade,
They see in quaint old carving
The Charger and the Maid.

And when, to guard old Bregenz
By gateway, street, and tower,
The warder paces all night long
And calls each passing hour;

"Nine," "ten," "eleven," he cries aloud,
And then (oh, crown of fame!),
When midnight pauses in the skies,
He calls the maiden's name!

Expression: Read the entire poem silently. Then talk about the title. What is a legend? Where is Bregenz?

Picture in your minds the mountains, the lake, the river, the road which the maiden traveled in the night.

Now retell the story in prose, keeping in mind the time, the place, the person, the circumstances. Finally read the poem aloud, stanza by stanza. Which stanza requires to be read with most life? Read it. Read the last two stanzas with special attention to emphasis and inflection.

Word Study: Learn to pronounce correctly: *Bregenz, Tyrol, Lake Constance, Rhine.*

THROUGH A TELESCOPE[1]

The tube was mounted on a three-legged stand, and a three-legged stool stood beside it, ready for use.

"Now, Ikon," said the professor, "are you ready for a little journey toward the stars?"

Ikon clapped his hands, almost too happy for speech.

"Mind, I only say toward the stars — not to them. You and I can go in imagination just so far as this telescope has power to carry us."

"But of course it will make the stars look ever so much nearer and bigger," said Ikon, joyously. "I do want to see what they are really and truly like."

The professor silently arranged the telescope and made no reply.

"Are you going to let me look at that splendid bright star up there?" asked Ikon, extending his arm in the same direction as the tube. "Oh, isn't it a beauty? Bigger than any other star in the sky."

"There is no brighter star in all the heavens than Sirius," said the professor.

"Sirius! Is that the name of it?"

"Yes, that is its true name; but it is more commonly called the Dog-star. I am not going to show you Sirius first. See that bright star only a little way from Sirius. Take a good look at it with your own eyes and then come to the telescope."

[1] By Agnes Giberne, an English writer on scientific subjects.

The Telescope.

Ikon obeyed. He gazed hard for a few moments at the star which the professor had pointed out, and then ran joyfully to the stool by the telescope. He put his eye to the tube, and sat silent for some time, seeming greatly disappointed.

"Well?" inquired the professor.

"It isn't one bit bigger or nearer," said Ikon, sadly.

"No?" said the professor. "Look again at the star with your naked eyes, and then again through the telescope."

Ikon did so, and said, "It has gone away."

The professor put his eye to the tube and adjusted the telescope anew. Then Ikon looked again.

"Well?" said the professor.

"It isn't bigger — much," said Ikon. "I don't see that it's any bigger. It is only just a little more shiny."

"Very well! Now let us try Sirius. Sirius is a magnificent sun, — much larger than our own sun."

Ikon looked at the beautiful star, which to the naked eye appeared like a brilliant, twinkling point of light; then he peered anxiously through the telescope. But the result was the same.

"It's brighter," he said. "It's a good deal brighter, but no bigger. I thought I could see what the stars are like."

"Then our journey toward the stars is a failure," said the professor in the same tone of disappointment.

"We cannot reach them even with a telescope. Shall we give it up, and think no more of studying the stars?"

"Oh, no!" cried Ikon, springing up. "I want to learn more about them."

"But people cannot learn when they feel cross," said the professor; "they cannot think clearly, their brains are stupid."

"Oh, but I won't be cross," said Ikon, cheerfully. "Perhaps a larger telescope would show the stars better."

"Not much better. The most powerful telescope ever yet made can do little more than increase their brightness."

"Why is that?"

"Because the stars are so very, very distant."

"I thought telescopes were meant for that."

"Were meant to magnify distant objects? Certainly. But the power of a telescope is limited. So enormous are the distances of the stars, that telescopes can help us but little."

"I don't see that the stars are much like the sun," said Ikon.

"No, my boy; you do not," answered the professor. "Many things are true which you and I cannot see."

"But *you* know," said Ikon.

"Yes, I know some facts which you do not yet know, and which, as a little boy, you cannot possibly understand. There are further depths of knowledge beyond

me also, where I find myself ignorant as a child. You and I have to learn the same lesson — that often we must believe where we cannot see or understand."

"But you do know that the star Sirius is bigger than the sun," said Ikon.

"We know about how far distant Sirius is. We know that our sun, removed to the distance of Sirius, would not shine as Sirius does, but would be one of the fainter stars. We conclude, therefore, that Sirius, giving out more light than our sun gives out, must probably be larger than our sun."

"If our sun were as far off as Sirius, wouldn't a telescope make it look bigger than a common star?" asked Ikon.

"No; not at all, Ikon."

The professor sat down again on the stool, and moved the telescope. Ikon, following this movement with his eyes, and searching over the sky, suddenly exclaimed: —

"Oh! I see another star, and it's brighter and bigger than Sirius but it doesn't twinkle at all. Why do some stars twinkle while others don't."

"The twinkling is merely in appearance," said the professor. "It is caused by the layers of air through which the rays of light have to pass. In parts of the earth, where the air is clearer, the twinkling is much lessened. In our country, however, you may generally know a planet from a star by the fact that stars twinkle and planets, as a rule, do not."

"That star isn't twinkling," said Ikon. "Is it a planet?"

"Yes. I am going to show it to you through the telescope. Ha!" the professor added, in a pleased tone. "You are fortunate. Look quickly, Ikon, and look steadily."

This time no disappointment was in store for the boy.

"Oh! oh!" he cried rapturously. "Oh, it's a dear little moon — a real moon — such a beauty! And it has streaks all across it — only not like the face on the big moon. And, oh! there are three little tiny stars quite near it!"

"Make the best use of your sight, Ikon. Are you quite sure there are only three little stars?"

"One — two — three. Only three," said Ikon.

"Don't you see something on the edge of your moon — something that looks like a little bright hump?"

"Oh, yes! Why, of course I do. What can it be?" cried Ikon. "And it's moving,— moving; I'm sure it is. There! It isn't sticking to the moon any longer. It's a little star like the others. Now there are four little stars."

"But they are not stars," said the professor; "they are moons."

"Are those moons?" cried Ikon in astonishment. "Then there are five moons."

"No; only four. The larger body is a planet — a world like our own. The name of the planet is Jupiter.

It is a very large planet, indeed — much larger than our earth."

"Is it as big as the sun?" asked Ikon.

"Oh, no. Jupiter is the largest of all the planets; but still he is only a planet. He travels round the sun with his four moons, just as our earth travels round the sun with her one moon."

"Well, I wish we had four moons," said Ikon. "I should like to be on Jupiter. Are there any people living there?"

"Ah! that I cannot tell you, but I think it is extremely doubtful. Now, my boy, I must not keep you here any longer, or you may take cold. You have had a splendid view of Jupiter. Run indoors now, and to-morrow night we will try to see something else."

Expression: Observe that much of this story is in the form of a dialogue between the professor and the little boy. Imagine that you see these two persons before you. Try to picture to yourself the professor's manner of talking; the boy's manner — his eagerness, his delight at each new discovery. Now imagine the telescope before you, and read each part of the conversation just as though you were the actors. Select from Ikon's little speeches (1) an expression of eagerness; (2) one of surprise; (3) one of inquiry; (4) one of disappointment; (5) one of delight. Observe carefully the inflection and emphasis natural to each of these expressions.

Word Study: *Ikon, Sirius, Jupiter; professor, telescope, enormous, planet.*

THE STAR AND THE LILY[1]

An old chieftain sat in his wigwam, quietly smoking his favorite pipe, when a crowd of Indian boys and girls suddenly entered, and begged him to tell them a story. He did so, and this is the story: —

There was once a time when the world was filled with happy people; when all the nations were as one, and the crimson tide of war had not begun to roll. Plenty of game was in the forest and on the plains. None were in want, for a full supply was at hand. Sickness was unknown. The beasts of the field were tame; they came and went at the bidding of man.

One unending spring gave no place for winter. Every tree and bush yielded fruit. Flowers carpeted the earth. The air was laden with their fragrance, and redolent with the songs of warblers that flew from branch to branch, fearing no one, for there was no one to harm them. There were birds then of more beautiful song and plumage than now.

It was at such a time, when earth was a paradise and man worthily its possessor, that the Indians were lone inhabitants of the American wilderness. They numbered thousands; and living as nature designed them to live, they enjoyed its many blessings. Instead of amusements in close rooms, the sport of the fields was theirs. At night they met in the green

[1] An Indian legend.

meadows beneath the stars. They watched those heavenly bodies; they loved to gaze at them, for they believed them to be the homes of the good, who had been taken thither by the Great Spirit.

One night they discovered a star that shone brighter than all the others. Its location was far away in the south, near a mountain peak. For many nights it was seen, till at length it was doubted by many that the star was as far distant in the southern skies as it seemed to be. This doubt led to an examination, which proved the star to be only a short distance away, and near the tops of some trees.

A number of warriors were deputed to go and see what it was. They went, and on their return said it appeared strange, and somewhat like a bird. The wise men were called to inquire into the meaning of the strange phenomenon. Some thought it a precursor of good, others of evil; and some supposed it to be the star spoken of by their forefathers as the forerunner of a dreadful war.

One moon had nearly gone by, and yet the mystery remained unsolved. One night a young warrior had a dream, in which a beautiful maiden came and stood at his side, and thus addressed him: "Young brave! listen to me. I have been so charmed with your pleasant land, its flowers, its birds, its rivers, its beautiful lakes, and its mountains, that I have left my sisters in yonder world to dwell with you. Young brave! ask

"He saw the star still blazing in its accustomed place."

your wise men where I can live and see your happy homes continually. Ask them what form I shall assume in order to be loved."

Thus discoursed the bright stranger. The young man awoke. On stepping out of his lodge he saw the star still blazing in its accustomed place. At early dawn a crier was sent round the camp to call all the warriors to the council lodge. When they had met, the young warrior related his dream. They concluded that the star had fallen in love with their tribe, and that it was desirous to dwell with them.

The next night, five tall, noble-looking, adventurous braves were sent to welcome the stranger to earth. They went and presented to it a pipe of peace, filled with sweet-scented herbs, and were rejoiced that it took the pipe from them. As they returned to the village, the star, with expanded wings, followed, and hovered over their homes till the dawn of day. Again it came to the young man in a dream, and desired to know where it should live and what form it should take.

Places were named—on the top of a giant tree, or in the midst of flowers. At length it was told to choose a place itself, and it did so. At first it dwelt in the white rose of the mountains; but then it was so buried that it could not be seen. It went to the prairie; but it feared the hoof of the buffalo. It next sought the rocky cliff; but there it was so high that the children, whom it loved most, could not see it.

"I know where I will live," said the bright fugitive. "I will live where I can see the gliding canoes of the tribe I most admire. Children! — yes, they shall be my playmates, and I will kiss their slumber by the side of cool waters. The nation shall love me wherever I am."

These words having been said, she alighted on the surface of the lake, where she saw herself reflected. The next morning thousands of white flowers were seen there, and the Indians gave them this name, *wah-be-gwan-nee* (white lily).

Children! when you see the lily on the waters, take it in your hands and hold it to the skies. So may it be happy on earth, as its two sisters, the morning and the evening stars, are happy in heaven.

EXPRESSION: After reading this story silently, talk with your teacher about the meanings of the words *legend* and *myth*. Name some legends that you have read; tell of some myths. (Notice that the two terms are frequently used with the same meaning.)

Re-read the first paragraph of this story. Does it describe a situation true to life?

Re-read the paragraphs which describe a golden age of peace and plenty.

Repeat the Indian story of the origin of the white lily. What is the Indian name for it?

Explain the meaning of each of the following expressions: *crimson tide of war; bidding of man; unending spring; air was laden; earth was a paradise; heavenly bodies.*

A STORY OF OLD GREECE

I. The King and the Stranger[1]

In a little town of Greece, and not very far from the sea, there once lived a young prince whose name was Admetus. He was the ruler of the town, and hence was called its king; but his kingdom was so small that one might walk around it in a single day. Admetus knew the name of every man and woman in his kingdom, and everybody loved him because of his gentleness and justice.

Late one day, when the rain was falling and the wind was blowing cold from the mountains, a strange young man came to his door and asked for food. The youth was ragged and seemed half-starved, and Admetus knew that he must have come from some distant land, for in his own country nobody ever went hungry. So the king took the stranger into the house and fed him; then he gave him his own warm cloak, and bade the servants find a place for him to sleep.

In the morning Admetus asked the poor man his name, but he shook his head and was silent as though he had forgotten it. Then Admetus asked him about his home and his country; and all that the youth would say was, "Make me your slave, master! Make me your slave, and let me serve you for one year."

The young king did not need another servant; but

[1] An old Greek legend retold.

he saw that the poorest slave in the land was better off than this stranger, and so he took pity on him. "I will do as you ask," he answered. "I will give you a home and food and clothing; and you shall be my slave for twelve months, as you desire. Then, if you wish, you may return to your own country."

There was but little that the stranger knew how to do. King Admetus looked at his small white hands and knew that he was not strong enough to be put at hard labor. He gave him at first some light tasks about the house; but the slave was likely to neglect these and wander off into the fields and woods to gather wild flowers and listen to the singing birds.

Sometimes, in the kitchen or the garden, he would sing or tell stories to his fellow slaves; and they would forget their work and stand listening to his wonderfully sweet voice while the dinner was spoiled and the palace floors were unswept. And all who looked into his strange, expressive eyes would stop to look again and again, entranced by their marvelous sweetness.

"He is an idle good-for-nothing," said every one; "and still we like him."

"This new slave of mine will ruin all the rest," said King Admetus. "My house was never so ill-kept as since his coming. But he is so gentle and lovable that I cannot punish him. What shall I do?"

"Send him to the hills to keep the sheep," answered the queen. "He loves the woods and is happiest when

he is alone. He will be pleased to watch the sheep, for then he can sit idle and look at the clouds and sing all day long."

"You advise me wisely," said the king, "and I will do as you say."

So the young slave became a shepherd and was sent to the pasture lands to take care of the sheep. And there he lived alone, in sunshine and in storm, content with his lot and happy to serve the king. His clothing was warm but homely and coarse, and his food was the same as the poorest shepherds have.

When a year and a day had passed, it so happened that King Admetus went out walking among the hills where his sheep were feeding. All at once the sound of music fell upon his ear. It was no such music as shepherds commonly play, but sweeter and more melodious than any he had ever heard before. He looked to see where the sound came from. Ah! who was that sitting on the hilltop, with the sheep around him, listening to his music? Could it indeed be the shepherd — the shiftless young fellow whom he had almost forgotten?

As the king drew nearer, he saw there a tall and handsome young man, clad in robes lighter and finer than a king might wear. His face was as bright as sunbeams, and his eyes gleamed like lightning. Upon his shoulder was a silver bow; from his belt hung a quiver of sharp arrows; and in his hands was a wonder-

"Could it indeed be the shepherd?"

ful lyre made from the empty shell of a tortoise. Admetus stood still, so astonished that he could not speak. Then the stranger called to him and said: —

"King Admetus, I am the beggar whom you fed — your slave to whom you have been so kind. I have served you, as I agreed, for a whole year, and now I am going home. I am grateful to you, and would like to do you a favor. What do you wish first of all?"

King Admetus answered, "I wish, first of all, to know your name."

"My name is Apollo," was the answer. "Twelve months ago my father, mighty Jupiter, commanded me to go out friendless and alone upon the earth; and he told me that I should not turn again towards home until I had served a year as some man's slave. I came to you, ragged and half-starved, and you fed and clothed me. I became your slave, and you were as kind to me as though I were your son. Now I am free and I wish to reward you with some worthy gift."

"Lord of the Silver Bow," said King Admetus, "I have all that any man can want. I am happy in the remembrance that I have aided you and have given you a home. This is sufficient reward, and I wish for nothing more."

"Very well," said Apollo; "but if the time should ever come when I can give you aid, do not hesitate to call for me."

Then the bright prince walked swiftly away, playing

sweet music as he went; and Admetus, wondering and thoughtful, turned his steps homeward. But ever after that, the sky seemed brighter, the earth was more beautiful, and life was more joyous because of the remembrance of Apollo's music and of the king's kind heart.

II. The Shepherd of King Admetus[1]

There came a youth upon the earth,
Some thousand years ago,
Whose slender hands were nothing worth,
Whether to plow, or reap, or sow.

Upon an empty tortoise shell
He stretched some cords, and drew
Music that made men's bosoms swell
Fearless, or brimmed their eyes with dew.

Then King Admetus, one who had
Pure taste by right divine,
Decreed his singing not too bad
To hear between the cups of wine.

And so, well pleased with being soothed
Into a sweet half-sleep,
Three times his kingly beard he smoothed,
And made him viceroy o'er his sheep.

[1] By James Russell Lowell, a noted American writer (1819–1891).

His words were simple words enough,
And yet he used them so,
That what in other mouths was rough
In his seemed musical and low.

Men called him but a shiftless youth
In whom no good they saw;
And yet, unwittingly, in truth,
They made his careless words their law.

They knew not how he learned at all,
For idly, hour by hour,
He sat and watched the dead leaves fall,
Or mused upon a common flower.

It seemed the loveliness of things
Did teach him all their use,
For, in mere weeds, and stones, and springs,
He found a healing power profuse.

Men granted that his speech was wise,
But, when a glance they caught
Of his slim grace and woman's eyes,
They laughed and called him good-for-nought.

Yet after he was dead and gone,
And e'en his memory dim,
Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,
More full of love, because of him.

THE ANGELS' WHISPER[1]

A Baby was sleeping,
Its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea;
And the tempest was swelling
Round the fisherman's dwelling,
And she cried, "Dermot, darling, O come back to me!"

Her beads while she numbered,
The baby still slumbered
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee.
"Oh, blest be that warning,
Thy sweet sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering to thee!

"And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh, pray to them softly, my baby, with me!
And say thou wouldst rather
They'd watch o'er thy father,
For I know that the angels are whispering to thee!"

The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see;
And closely caressing
Her child with a blessing,
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering to thee."

[1] By Samuel Lover, an Irish novelist and poet (1797–1868).

THE GUARDIANS OF THE DOOR[1]

There was once an orphan girl, far away in a little village on the edge of the moors. She lived in a hovel thatched with reeds, and this was the poorest and the last of all the houses, and stood quite by itself among the shrubs and brambles by the wayside.

From the doorway the girl could look across the wild stretches of the moorland. The view was pleasant enough on a summer day, for then the air is clear and golden, and the moor is purple with the bloom of ling, and there are red and yellow patches of bracken, and here and there a rowan tree is seen among the gray bowlders red with clusters of ripening berries. But at night, and especially on a winter night, the darkness was so wide and lonely that it was hard not to be afraid sometimes. The wind, when it blew in the dark, was full of strange and mournful voices; and when there was no wind, Mary could hear the cries and calls of wild creatures on the moor.

Mary was fourteen when she lost her father. He was a rough, idle good-for-nothing, and one stormy night on his way home from the tavern, he went astray and was found dead in the snow. Her mother had died long before — so long ago that Mary could scarcely remember her face. So it happened that she was

[1] By William Canton. A legend of the west of England.

left alone in the world, and all that she possessed was a dog, some fowls, and her mother's spinning wheel.

But she was a bright, cheerful, courageous child, and soon she got from the people of the village sufficient work to keep her wheel always busy; for no one could look into her face without liking her. People often wondered how so rude and worthless a fellow as her father could have had such a child; she was as sweet and unexpected as the white flowers on the bare and rugged branches of the blackthorn.

The child's hens laid well, and she sold all the eggs she could spare; and her dog, which had been trained in all sorts of cunning, often went out into the moor and fetched home some wild thing in fur or feathers which Mary thought there was no harm in cooking.

Her father had been too idle and careless to teach her anything; and all that she could recollect of her mother's instruction was a little rime which she used to repeat on her knees beside the bed every night before she went to sleep.

And this was the rime:—

"God bless this house from thatch to floor,
The twelve apostles guard the door,
And four good angels watch my bed,
Two at the foot and two the head.
Amen."

Though she was all alone in the world and knew no girl of her age to make friends with, yet she was happy and contented, for she was busy from morning till night.

In spite of all this, strange stories began to be whispered about the village. People who happened to pass by the old hut late at night declared that they had seen a light shining through the chinks in the window shutter when all honest people should have been asleep.

There were others who said they had noticed strange men standing in the shadows of the eaves; they might have been highwaymen, they might have been smugglers — there was no telling. No one cared to run the risk of going too near — but it was quite certain that there were strange things going on at the hut. The girl who appeared to be so simple and so innocent, they said, was not quite so good as the neighbors had imagined.

This gossip of the village at length reached the ears of the white-headed old Vicar, and he sent for the girl and questioned her closely. Mary was grieved to know that such untrue and unkind stories were told about her. She knew nothing, she said, of any lights or of any men. As soon as it was too dusky to see to work, she always fastened her door; then after she had had her supper, she covered the fire and blew out the rushlight and went to bed.

"And you say your prayers, my daughter, I hope?" said the Vicar, kindly.

Mary hung down her head and answered in a low voice, "I do not know any proper prayers, but I always say the words my mother taught me."

And Mary repeated the rime: —

"God bless this house from thatch to floor,
The twelve apostles guard the door,
And four good angels watch my bed,
Two at the foot and two the head.
Amen."

"There could not be a better prayer, my dear child," said the Vicar, with a smile. "Go home now, and do not be troubled by what idle tongues may say. Every night repeat your little prayer, and God will take care of you."

Late that night, however, the Vicar lit his lantern and went out of doors without a word to any one. All the village was still and dark as he walked slowly up the road and out into the moor.

"She is a good girl," he said to himself; "but the people must have seen something to give rise to these stories. I will go and find out what it is."

The stars were twinkling in the dark sky, and the green plovers were crying mournfully on the dark moor. The lantern which he carried threw out a dim light

across the road, which was bordered by neither walls nor ditches. "It is a lonely place for a child to live in by herself," he said.

It was a long walk, but at last he saw the outline of the old hovel among the shrubs and thorns by the side of the road. He stopped suddenly, for there, as he had been told, a thread of bright light came streaming through the shutters of the small window.

He drew his lantern under his coat and went cautiously forward. The road was now very dim, but by the faint glimmer of the stars he was able to make out that there were several persons standing under the eaves of the hovel.

The Vicar's good old heart was filled with surprise and sorrow. Then, throwing aside his cloak and lifting up the lantern, he advanced boldly to confront the intruders. They did not seem alarmed, however, and they made no attempt to escape.

The Vicar drew nearer, and as the light fell upon their forms and faces, he was struck with such awe and amazement that he stopped and stood gazing as still as a stone. These people under the eaves were men of another age and another world. They were strangely clothed in long garments, and they had a very majestic appearance. One carried a lance, and another a pilgrim's staff, and a third a battle-ax. But the one who was most imposing stood near the door of the hut, and in his hand he held two large keys.

In an instant the Vicar had guessed who they were. He uncovered his head and fell upon his knees. But the strangers melted away in the darkness, and seemed as though nothing more than the images of a dream.

And indeed the Vicar might have thought that he had been dreaming, but as he looked he saw that the light was still streaming through the chink in the shutter. He arose from his knees and moved towards the window to peep into the hut. Instantly an invisible hand stretched a naked sword across his path, and a low deep voice spoke to him in solemn warning: —

"It is the light of angels. Do not look, lest blindness fall upon you."

The aged Vicar laid his hand on the sword, and tried to move it away. "Let me look, let me look!" he said; "better one glimpse of the angels than a thousand years of earthly sight!"

Then the sword yielded to his touch and vanished into air; and the old priest leaned forward on the window sill and gazed through the chink. With a cry of joy he saw a corner of the rude bed, and beside the corner, one above the other, three great dazzling wings; they were the left-hand side wings of one of the angels at the foot of the bed.

Then all was deep darkness.

The Vicar thought that it was the blindness that had fallen upon him, and the only regret he felt was that the vision had vanished so quickly. Then, as he

turned away, he found that not only had he not lost his sight, but that he could now see with marvelous clearness. He saw the road, and even the footprints and grains of sand in the road. He saw the hut and the reeds on the hut — the moor, and the bowlders and the rowan trees on the moor.

Praising God for all his goodness, he returned slowly homeward. Once and again, and yet again, he looked back, and each time he saw the twelve awful figures in strange clothing, guarding the lonely thatched hovel on the edge of the moor. Day was breaking, and the yellow light of the sun was gleaming on the tops of the rowan trees when he found himself at his own door again. Had he, indeed, been dreaming?

Filled with regret that he should have so long neglected this poor orphaned girl, the good Vicar told no one of his wonderful vision; but he took care that Mary's neighbors never again spoke of her except in words of esteem and praise, and that they gave her their sympathy and help and did unto her as they would that others should do unto them!

Expression: Read this tale again and again until you feel the spell of Mary's innocent faith, of the Vicar's charity, and of the simple life on the moor. Then read it aloud, giving to each passage and each word its proper inflections and emphasis.

Word Study: *moor, vicar, hovel, ling, bracken, rowan, plover, rushlight.*

THE MONK FELIX[1]

One morning, all alone,
Out of his convent of gray stone,
Into the forest older, darker, grayer,
His lips moving as if in prayer,
His head sunken upon his breast
As in a dream of rest,
Walked the Monk Felix. All about,
The broad, sweet sunshine lay without,
Filling the summer air;
And within the woodlands as he trod,
The dusk was like the Truce of God
With worldly woe and care;
Under him lay the golden moss;
And above him the boughs of hoary trees
Waved, and made the sign of the cross,
And whispered their *benedicites;*
And from the ground
Rose an odor sweet and fragrant
Of the wild flowers and the vagrant
Vines that wandered,
Seeking the sunshine, round and round.

These he heeded not, but pondered
On the volume in his hand,
Wherein amazed he read:

[1] From "The Golden Legend," by Henry W. Longfellow.

"A thousand years in thy sight
Are but as yesterday when it is past,
And as a watch in the night!"
And with his eyes downcast
In humility he said:
"I believe, O Lord,
What is written in thy Word,
But alas! I do not understand!"

And lo! he heard
The sudden singing of a bird,
A snow-white bird, that from a cloud
Dropped down,
And among the branches brown
Sat singing,
So sweet, and clear, and loud,
It seemed a thousand harp strings ringing.
And the Monk Felix closed his book,
And long, long,
With rapturous look,
He listened to the song,
And hardly breathed or stirred,
Until he saw, as in a vision,
The land Elysian,
And in the heavenly city heard
Angelic feet
Fall on the golden flagging of the street.
And he would fain

Have caught the wondrous bird,
But strove in vain;
For it flew away, away,
Far over hill and dell,
And instead of its sweet singing
He heard the convent bell
Suddenly in the silence ringing
For the service of noonday.
And he retraced
His pathway homeward sadly and in haste.

In the convent there was a change!
He looked for each well-known face,
But the faces were new and strange;
New figures sat in the oaken stalls,
New voices chanted in the choir;
Yet the place was the same place,
The same dusky walls
Of cold, gray stone,
The same cloisters and belfry and spire.

A stranger and alone
Among that brotherhood
The Monk Felix stood.
"Forty years," said a friar,
"Have I been prior
Of this convent in the wood,
But for that space
Never have I beheld thy face!"

The heart of the Monk Felix fell:
And he answered, with submissive tone,
"This morning, after the hour of Prime,
I left my cell,
And wandered forth alone,
Listening all the time
To the melodious singing
Of a beautiful white bird,
Until I heard
The bells of the convent ringing
Noon from their noisy towers.
It was as if I dreamed;
For what to me had seemed
Moments only, had been hours!"

"Years!" said a voice close by.
It was an aged monk who spoke,
From a bench of oak
Fastened against the wall; —
He was the oldest monk of all.
For a whole century
Had he been there,
Serving God in prayer,
The meekest and humblest of his creatures.
He remembered well the features
Of Felix, and he said,
Speaking distinct and slow:
"One hundred years ago,

When I was a novice in this place,
There was here a monk, full of God's grace,
Who bore the name
Of Felix, and this man must be the same."

And straightway
They brought forth to the light of day
A volume old and brown,
A huge tome, bound
In brass and wild-boar's hide,
Wherein were written down
The names of all who had died
In the convent, since it was edified.
And there they found,
Just as the old monk said,
That on a certain day and date,
One hundred years before,
Had gone forth from the convent gate
The monk Felix, and never more
Had entered that sacred door.
He had been counted among the dead!
And they knew, at last,
That, such had been the power
Of that celestial and immortal song,
A hundred years had passed,
And had not seemed so long
As a single hour!

BEE HUNTING[1]

There is no creature with which man has surrounded himself that seems so much like a product of civilization as the honeybee. Indeed, a colony of bees, with their neatness and love of order, their division of labor, their public-spiritedness, their thrift, and their great love of gain, seems as far removed from a condition of rude nature as does a walled city or a cathedral town.

The Indian regarded the honeybee as an ill omen. She was the white man's fly. She had the white man's cunning, his industry, his skill in building, his neatness and love of system, his foresight; and, above all, his eager, miserly habits.

The honeybee's great ambition is to be rich, to lay up stores, to possess the sweet of every flower that blooms. She is more than provident. Enough will not satisfy her; she must have all she can get by hook or by crook. She comes from the oldest country, Asia, and thrives best in the most fertile and long-settled lands. Yet the fact remains that the honeybee is really a wild creature, and never has been and cannot be thoroughly tamed.

Her proper home is the woods, and thither every new swarm counts on going; and thither many do go in spite of the care and watchfulness of the bee keeper. If the woods lack trees with suitable cavities, the bees

[1] By John Burroughs, an American naturalist and prose writer.

resort to all sorts of makeshifts; they go into chimneys, into barns and outhouses, under stones, into rocks. Apparently, every swarm of bees, before it leaves the parent hive, sends out exploring parties to look up the future home. The woods and groves are searched through and through, and no doubt the privacy of many a squirrel and many a wood mouse is intruded upon.

But the honeybee has absolutely no wit or cunning outside of her special gifts as a gatherer and storer of honey. She is a simple-minded creature, and can be imposed upon by any one. Yet it is not every one that can find a bee tree. The sportsman may track his game to its retreat by the aid of his dog, but in hunting the honeybee one must be his own dog, and track his game through something that leaves no trail. It is a task for a sharp, quick eye, and may test the powers of the most skillful.

One looks upon the woods with a new interest when he suspects they hold a colony of bees. What a pleasing secret it is — a tree with a heart of comb honey, a decayed oak or maple with secret chambers where lies hidden the wealth of ten thousand little freebooters, great nuggets and wedges of precious ore gathered with risk and labor from every field and wood about.

If you would know the delights of bee hunting, and how many sweets such a trip yields besides honey, come with me some bright, warm, late September or early

October day. After a refreshing walk of a couple of miles, we reach a point where we shall make our first trial. There are bees at work there on that goldenrod, and it requires but little maneuvering to sweep one into our box. Almost any other creature rudely and suddenly arrested in its career and clapped into a cage in this way would show great confusion and alarm. The bee is alarmed for a moment, but it has a passion stronger than its love of life; namely, desire for honey, not simply to eat, but to carry home as booty. It is quick to catch the scent of honey in the box, and as quick to fall to filling itself.

We now set the box down upon the wall and gently remove the cover. The bee is head and shoulders in one of the half-filled cells, and is lost to everything else about it. Come rack, come ruin, it will die at work. We step back a few paces, and sit down upon the ground so as to bring the box against the blue sky as a background.

In two or three minutes the bee is seen rising slowly and heavily from the box. It seems loath to leave so much honey behind, and it marks the place well. It mounts aloft in a rapidly increasing spiral, noting the near and minute objects first, then the larger and more distant, till, having circled about the spot five or six times and taken all its bearings, it darts away for home.

It is a good eye that holds fast to the bee till it is

fairly off. Sometimes one's head will swim following it, and often one's eyes are dazzled by the sun. This bee gradually drifts down the hill, then strikes away toward a farmhouse half a mile away, where I know bees are kept. Then we try another and another; and the third bee, much to our satisfaction, goes straight toward the woods.

The bee is soon back, and more with it, for we have touched the box here and there with the cork of a bottle of anise oil, and this fragrant oil will attract bees half a mile or more. When no flowers can be found, this is the quickest way to obtain a bee.

By following these bees we easily find the bee tree. It is a hemlock that stands in a niche in a wall of hoary, moss-covered rocks. The bees enter a small hole at the root.

The cavity occupied by the bees is about three and a half feet long and eight or ten inches in diameter. With an ax we cut away one side of the tree and lay bare its curiously wrought heart of gold. It is a most pleasing sight. What winding ways the bees have through their palace! What blocks and great masses of snow-white comb there are! Where it is sealed up, presenting a slightly dented, uneven surface, it looks like some precious ore. When we leave the tree, and carry a large pailful of the comb out of the woods, it seems still more like ore.

THE FLIGHT OF THE BIRDS[1]

Whither away, Robin,
Whither away?
Is it through envy of the maple leaf,
Whose blushes mock the crimson of thy breast,
Thou wilt not stay?
The summer days were long, yet all too brief
The happy season thou hast been our guest:
Whither away?

Whither away, Bluebird,
Whither away?
The blast is chill, yet in the upper sky
Thou still canst find the color of thy wing,
The hue of May.
Warbler, why speed thy southern flight? ah, why
Thou, too, whose song first told us of the spring?
Whither away?

Whither away, Swallow,
Whither away?
Canst thou no longer tarry in the North,
Here, where our roof so well hath screened thy nest?
Not one short day?
Wilt thou — as if thou human wert — go forth
And wander far from them who love thee best?
Whither away?

[1] Edmund Clarence Stedman, an American poet (1833–1908).

THE EAGLE AND THE SWAN[1]

Imagine yourself, on a day early in November, floating slowly down the Mississippi River. The near approach of winter brings millions of water fowl on whistling wings from the countries of the North to seek a milder climate in which to sojourn for a season.

The eagle is seen perched on the highest branch of the tallest tree by the margin of the broad stream. His glistening but pitiless eye looks over water and land, and sees objects afar off. He listens to every sound that comes to his quick ear, glancing now and then to the earth beneath, lest the light tread of the rabbit may pass unheard.

His mate is perched on the other side of the river, and now and then warns him by a cry to continue patient. At this well-known call he partly opens his broad wings and answers to her voice in tones not unlike the laugh of a madman. Ducks and many smaller water fowl are seen passing rapidly towards the South; but the eagle heeds them not — they are for the time beneath his attention.

The next moment, however, the wild, trumpet-like sound of a distant swan is heard. The eagle suddenly shakes his body, raises his wings, and makes ready for flight. A shriek from his mate comes across the stream, for she is fully as watchful as he.

[1] By J. J. Audubon, a famous American ornithologist (1780–1851).

The Eagle and the Swan.

The snow-white bird is now in sight; her long neck is stretched forward; her eyes are as watchful as those of her enemy; her large wings seem with difficulty to support the weight of her body. Nearer and nearer she comes. The eagle has marked her for his prey.

As the swan is about to pass the dreaded pair, the eagle starts from his perch with an awful scream. He glides through the air like a falling star, and, like a flash of lightning, comes upon the timid bird, which now, in agony and despair, seeks to escape the grasp of his cruel talons. She would plunge into the stream did not the eagle force her to remain in the air by striking at her from beneath.

The hope of escape is soon given up by the swan. She has already become much weakened. She is about to gasp her last breath, when the eagle strikes with his talons the under side of her wing and forces the dying bird to fall in a slanting direction upon the nearest shore.

The eagle's mate has watched every movement that he has made, and if she did not assist him in capturing the swan, it was because she felt sure that his power and courage were quite enough for the deed. She now sails to the spot where he is waiting for her, and both together turn the breast of the luckless swan upward and gorge themselves with gore.

WORD STUDY: *glistening, shriek, talons, gorge, climate.*

THE WHIPPOORWILL[1]

Do you remember, father, —
It seems so long ago, —
The day we fished together
Along the Pocono?
At dusk I waited for you
Beside the lumber mill,
And there I heard a hidden bird
That chanted "whip-poor-will."

The place was all deserted;
The mill wheel hung at rest;
The lonely star of evening
Was quivering in the west;
The veil of night was falling;
The winds were folded still;
And everywhere the trembling air
Reëchoed "whip-poor-will."

You seemed so long in coming,
I felt so much alone;
The wide, dark world was round me,
And life was all unknown;
The hand of sorrow touched me,
And made my senses thrill
With all the pain that haunts the strain
Of mournful "whip-poor-will."

[1] By Henry van Dyke, an American poet and prose writer.

"And there I heard a hidden bird."

What did I know of trouble?
An idle little lad,
I had not learned the lessons
That make men wise and sad.
I dreamed of grief and parting,
And something seemed to fill
My heart with tears, while in my ears
Resounded "whip-poor-will."

'Twas but a shadowy sadness,
That lightly passed away;
But I have known the substance
Of sorrow since that day.
For nevermore at twilight,
Beside the silent mill,
I'll wait for you in the falling dew,
And hear the whippoorwill.

But if you still remember,
In that fair land of light,
The pains and fears that touch us
Along this edge of night,
I think all earthly grieving,
And all our mortal ill,
To you must seem like a boy's sad dream,
Who hears the whippoorwill.

HIDDEN TREASURE[1]

Once upon a time there was an old farmer that had heard or read about treasures being found in odd places, — a potful of gold pieces, or something of the sort, — and it took root in his heart till nothing would satisfy him but he must find a potful of gold pieces, too. He spent all of his time hunting in this place and in that for buried treasures. He poked about all the old ruins in the neighborhood, and even wished to take up the floor of the church.

One morning he arose with a bright face and said to his wife, "It's all right, Mary. I've found the treasure."

"No! Have you though?" said she.

"Yes!" he answered; "at least it's as good as found. It's only waiting till I've had my breakfast, and then I'll go out and fetch it in."

"Oh, John! How did you find it?"

"It was revealed to me in a dream," said he, as grave as a judge.

"Oh! and where is it?"

"Under a tree in our orchard — no farther than that."

"Oh, how long you are at your breakfast, John! Let's hurry out and get it."

They went out together into the orchard.

[1] By Charles Reade, an English novelist (1814–1884).

"Now which tree is it under?" asked the wife.

John scratched his head and looked very sheepish. "I'm blessed if I know!"

"Oh, you foolish fellow!" said the wife. "Why didn't you take the trouble to notice?"

"I did notice," said he. "I saw the exact tree in my dream, but now, there's so many of them, they muddle it all."

"Well, I think you're stupid," said the wife, angrily. "You ought to have cut a nick in the right one while you were there."

"That may be," answered John; "but now I see that I'll have to begin with the first tree and keep on digging till I come to the one with the treasure under it."

This made the wife lose all hope; for there were eighty apple trees and a score of cherry trees. She heaved a sigh, and said: "Well, I guess if you must, you must. But mind you don't cut any of the roots."

John was in no good humor. He abused the trees with all the bad words he could think of.

"What difference does it make if I cut all the roots? The old fagots aren't worth a penny apiece. The whole lot of them don't bear a bushel of good apples. In father's time they used to bear wagonloads of choice fruit. I wish they were every one dead!"

"Well, John," said the woman, trying to soothe his anger, "you know that father always gave them a good deal of attention."

"Attention? Nonsense!" he answered spitefully. "They don't need attention. They've got old, like ourselves. They're good for nothing but firewood."

Then, muttering to himself, he brought out pickax and spade, and began his work. He dug three feet deep all around the first tree, and, finding nothing but earth and stones, went on to the next. He heaped up a mound half as high as his head — but no pot of gold did he strike.

He had dug round three or four trees before his neighbors began to notice him. Then their curiosity was awakened, and each one told another about his queer actions. After that there was scarcely an hour in the day that seven or eight were not sitting on the fence and passing sly jokes. Then it became the fashion for the boys to fling a stone or two or a clod of dry earth at John while he was busiest at work.

To defend himself, John brought out his gun, loaded with fine shot, and the next time a stone was thrown he fired sharp in the direction it came from, and loaded again. The boys took the hint, and John dug on in peace till about the fourth Sunday, when the parson saw fit to allude to him in church. "People ought not to heap up to themselves treasures on earth," he said.

But it seemed that John was only heaping up dirt; for when he had dug the fivescore holes, no pot of gold came to light. Then the neighbors called the orchard Jacobs's folly; his name was Jacobs — John Jacobs.

"Now then, Mary," said he, "you and I will have to find some other village to live in, for the jokes and gibes of these people are more than I can bear."

Mary began to cry.

"Oh, John, we have been here so long!" she said. "You brought me here when we were first married. I was just a lass then, and you were the smartest young man I ever saw — at least I thought so. Oh, I can never sleep or eat my victuals in any house but this."

"Well, Mary," answered John, "I guess we'll try to stay. Perhaps it will all blow over some time."

"Yes, John, it will be like everything else by and by. But if I were you, I'd fill those holes. The people come from far and wide on Sundays to see them."

"Mary, I haven't the heart to do that," said the disappointed man. "You see, when I was digging for treasure I felt sure I was going to find it, and that kept my heart up. But, take a shovel and fill all those holes? I'd rather do without eggs every Sunday."

So for six months the heaps of earth stood in the heat and the frost. Then in the spring the old man took heart, and filled the holes, smoothing the ground until it was as level as before. And soon everybody forgot "Jacobs's folly" because it was out of sight.

The month of April was warm, and out burst the trees. "Mary," said John, "the bloom is richer than I've seen it for many a year; it's a good deal richer than in any of our neighbors' orchards."

"His neighbors began to notice him."

The bloom died, and then out came a million little green things, quite hard. Summer passed. Autumn followed, and the old trees were staggering under their weight of fine fruit.

The trees were old and needed attention. John's letting in the air to them and turning the soil up to the frost and sun had renewed their youth. And so, in that way, he learned that tillage is the way to get treasure from the earth.

Men are ungrateful at times, but the soil is never ungrateful; it always makes a return for the care that is given it.

A FABLE FROM ÆSOP

A farmer who had come to the end of his life desired that his sons should not fail to make the farm which he would leave them profitable. So he said to them :—

"My sons, when I am dead you may have the treasure that is hidden in our vineyard."

They thought that there must be a pot of gold buried there. So, as soon as they came into possession, they took spades and dug up all the soil. They did not find any pot of gold, but the vineyard was so well dug over that it bore ten times more grapes than ever before.

EXPRESSION: Talk about the moral of the two foregoing stories. What is it? Read each paragraph of the story aloud, being careful to read with spirit and force.

AUTUMN ON THE FARM[1]

It was late in mild October,
And the long autumnal rain
Had left the summer harvest fields
All green with grass again;
The first sharp frosts had fallen,
Leaving all the woodlands gay
With the hues of summer's rainbow,
Or the meadow flowers of May.

Through a thin dry mist that morning
The sun rose broad and red,
At first a rayless disk of fire,
He brightened as he sped;
Yet even his noontide glory
Fell chastened and subdued,
On the cornfields and the orchards
And the softly pictured wood.

And all that quiet afternoon,
Slow sloping to the night,
He wove with golden shuttle
The haze with yellow light;
Slanting through the painted beeches,
He glorified the hill;
And beneath it, pond and meadow
Lay brighter, greener still.

[1] By John G. Whittier. From "The Huskers."

And shouting boys in woodland haunts
  Caught glimpses of that sky,
Flecked by many-tinted leaves,
  And laughed, they knew not why;
And school girls, gay with aster flowers,
  Beside the meadow brooks,
Mingled the glow of autumn
  With the sunshine of sweet looks.

From spire and barn, looked westerly
  The patient weathercocks;
But even the birches on the hill
  Stood motionless as rocks.
No sound was in the woodlands,
  Save the squirrel's dropping shell,
And the yellow leaves among the boughs,
  Low rustling as they fell.

The summer grains were harvested;
  The stubble fields lay dry,
Where June winds rolled, in light and shade,
  The pale green waves of rye;
But still, on gentle hill slopes,
  In valleys fringed with wood,
Ungathered, bleaching in the sun,
  The heavy corn crop stood.

Bent low, by autumn's wind and rain,
  Through husks that dry and sere,

Unfolded from their ripened charge,
  Shone out the yellow ear;
Beneath, the turnip lay concealed,
  In many a verdant fold,
And glistened in the slanting light,
  The pumpkin's sphere of gold.

There wrought the busy harvesters;
  And many a creaking wain
Bore slowly to the long barn floor
  Its load of husk and grain;
Till broad and red, as when he rose,
  The sun sank down at last,
And like a merry guest's farewell,
  The day in brightness passed.

And lo! as through the western pines,
  On meadow, stream, and pond,
Flamed the red radiance of a sky,
  Set all afire beyond,
Slowly o'er the eastern sea bluffs
  A milder glory shone,
And the sunset and the moonrise
  Were mingled into one!

Expression: Read this poem silently and make a list of all the objects that are mentioned.

Read aloud the stanzas which relate to the early morning. What mental pictures are called up in these stanzas? Read the stanzas relating to the afternoon; to the evening.

THE WESTERN PIONEER

John Stirling was a typical pioneer, a conqueror of the wilderness in the early years of the nineteenth century. The story of his life in the Old Northwest is the story of a thousand other backwoods heroes as brave, as persevering, as ingenious as himself.

In a small wagon drawn by a pair of sturdy horses, he brought his family and household goods from a remote county somewhere in the South. He crossed the Ohio River near the mouth of the Great Miami, and thence made his way northwestwardly into an unbroken wilderness. The roads for hundreds of miles were little better than wood paths; and he was sometimes obliged to cut his own way among fallen trees and tangled underwoods. The journey from beginning to end, occupied nearly six weeks, and yet John Stirling and his family were thankful that it had been so short.

Having selected the spot for his farm, the pioneer's next care was to become its owner. He bought it from the government at a dollar and a quarter an acre, and when this was paid he had scarcely a penny left. But of what use was money in the wilderness where there was nothing to buy?

With the help of his boys, the pioneer felled trees and cleared a space for the homestead. With the logs he built the walls of a rude cabin. He hewed rough

puncheons for the floor, and split long boards for the roof. At the end of a week the habitation was ready to be occupied. Not a nail had been used, nor a brick, nor even a pane of glass — such things were not to be had in the wilderness.

At one end of the cabin there was a great fireplace built of flat stones. The chimney above it was very broad, and was made of sticks and clay. For many weeks, during that first summer in the backwoods, the door was closed simply by hanging a bedquilt loosely from the top, like a kind of curtain. The wolves howled around the cabin at night, but the pioneer and his family were not disturbed — the "hunger wolf" was more to be feared than the gray beast that lurked in the thickets.

The first twelve months were months of sore trial; but at the end of the year, John Stirling and his family were firmly established in their new home, and beyond the reach of want.

Little by little, the great trees and the thick underwoods gave way before the sharp axes of the father and his boys. Every year, new clearings were made, and broader patches of corn and wheat and flax were planted in the openings. Herds and flocks increased and flourished in the woodland pastures, without expense and without special care.

For several years all the clothing of the family was homespun: tow cloth and linen from flax raised on

the farm, and jeans and linsey-woolsey of flax interwoven with wool from the farmer's own sheep. Nobody was idle. Wife and daughters were busy from daylight till dark — cooking before the great fireplace, spinning, sewing, knitting, mending garments, doing the varied work of housekeeping. They cared for the cows and the poultry; they tended the garden; they churned the butter and made the cheeses. They made candles by dipping cotton wicks in melted tallow. They also kept the family supplied with jellies and jams and other delicacies which cost them nothing but their labor.

The farmer himself was a jack-at-all-trades, and good at more than one. He manufactured his own chairs and tables; he tanned the hides of his beeves into fairly good leather; he made shoes and hats for the boys and himself; he wove tow cloth and jeans and linsey-woolsey for the clothing of the family; he could make a spinning wheel or a turning lathe; he repaired the clocks as well as the wagons of his less skillful neighbors, and even built houses and barns for them; and in the long winter evenings, by the light

of the fire in the broad chimney, he tied brooms and taught the younger children how to read and write and cipher.

And those long winter evenings, how cold they were! The wind whistled through the chinks between the logs of the cabin; and the family huddled closely

around the great fire to keep warm. When bedtime came, the long-handled warming pan was a genuine blessing. It was filled with hot coals from the hearth, the lid was shut down tight, and the pan was drawn rapidly back and forth between the sheets until the bed was warmed. Then, what a luxury to jump in between the two feather ticks and sleep, forgetful of cold and secure from the wintry storm!

Thus, hopeful and contented, the pioneer and his family toiled on; and as the years passed by, one comfort after another came to lighten their labors. The buzz of the sawmill, and, after a while, the whistle of the locomotive, became familiar sounds. The sons and daughters gradually laid aside their homespun and put on clothing made of "boughten goods." A neat "frame house," roomy and large, was built near the roadside; and the old cabin, the scene of many joys and sorrows, was abandoned. Comfort and plenty abounded. The blessings of civilization, following in the wake of honest labor, had come at last.

What hero of history, what warrior patriot, ever served his country better, or earned laurels more nobly, than John Stirling, the pioneer of the Old Northwest?

He was one of the ten thousand veterans who subdued the wilderness, developed the resources of a mighty empire, and bequeathed it as a rich heritage to coming generations. The world may soon forget what he suffered, but it cannot forget what he accomplished; and his monument shall remain as long as our country endures. What is his monument? It is the Old Northwest itself, the center of our republic, and the chief factor of our nation's grandeur.

"These are they who made this wilderness
Turn fair enough for angels to caress,
Who set this heart of empire throbbing forth
Its sterling manhood round the belted earth.

"Right-handed men, whichever hand you shook;
Square-stepping men, whatever way they took;
Stout-hearted men, whatever might betide,
For duty ready till the day they died." [1]

Expression: Study each paragraph silently, then read it aloud, bringing out the full meaning of each descriptive passage. What is the topic of the first paragraph? of the second? of the fourth and fifth? Compare the western pioneer with the pilgrim of Massachusetts. Discuss this fully with your classmates and your teacher.

Word Study: Notice the following unusual words, and study their meaning: *puncheons*, *tow*, *jeans*, *linsey-woolsey*, *ticks*. These were words of common use in pioneer times.

[1] Verses by Benjamin F. Taylor.

THE LOVE OF BOOKS[1]

"He that loveth a book," says Isaac Barrow, "will never want a faithful friend, a wholesome counselor, a cheerful companion, an effectual comforter. By study, by reading, by thinking, one may innocently divert and pleasantly entertain himself, as in all weathers, so in all fortunes."

In old days books were rare and dear. Now, on the contrary, it may be said with greater truth than ever that

"Words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."

Our ancestors had difficulty in procuring them. Our difficulty now is what to select. We must be careful what we read, and not, like the sailors of Ulysses, take bags of wind for sacks of treasure — not only lest we should even now fall into the error of the Greeks, and suppose that language and definitions can be instruments of investigation as well as of thought, but lest, as too often happens, we should waste time over trash.

I am sometimes disposed to think that the great readers of the next generation will be, not our lawyers and doctors, shopkeepers and manufacturers, but the laborers and mechanics. Does not this seem natural? The

[1] By Lord Avebury, an English statesman and writer (1834–1913).

former work mainly with their heads; when their daily duties are over, the brain is often exhausted, and of their leisure time much must be devoted to air and exercise. The laborer and mechanic, on the contrary, besides working often for much shorter hours, have in their work time taken sufficient bodily exercise, and can therefore give any leisure they may have to reading and study.

"If," says Sir John Herschel, "I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man."

Comfort and consolation, refreshment and happiness, may indeed be found in his library by any one "who shall bring the golden key that unlocks its silent door." A library is a true fairyland, a very palace of delight, a haven of repose from the storms and troubles of the world. Rich and poor can enjoy it equally, for here, at least, wealth gives no advantage.

We may make a library a true paradise on earth, a garden of Eden without its one drawback; for all is open to us, including the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, for which, as we are told, our first mother sacrificed all the pleasures of Paradise.

POEMS OF THE CIVIL WAR

I. Battle Bunny[1]

Bunny, lying in the grass,
Saw the shining column pass;
Saw the starry banner fly,
Saw the chargers fret and fume,
Saw the flapping hat and plume —
Saw them with his moist and shy
Most unspeculative eye,
Thinking only, in the dew,
That it was a fine review —
Till a flash, not all of steel,
Where the rolling caissons wheel,
Brought a rumble and a roar
Rolling down that velvet floor,
And like blows of autumn flail
Sharply threshed the iron hail.

Bunny, thrilled by unknown fears,
Raised his soft and pointed ears,
Mumbled his prehensile lip,
Quivered his pulsating hip,
As the sharp vindictive yell
Rose above the screaming shell;

[1] By Bret Harte, an American writer (1839–1902). "After the men were ordered to lie down a white rabbit, which had been hopping hither and thither over the field swept by grape and musketry, took refuge among the skirmishers, in the breast of a corporal." — *Report of the Battle of Malvern Hill*, 1864.

Thought the world and all its men —
  All the charging squadrons meant —
All were rabbit hunters then,
  All to capture him intent.

Bunny was not much to blame;
Wiser folks have thought the same —
Wiser folk who think they spy
Every ill begins with I.

Wildly panting, here and there,
Bunny sought the freer air,
Till he hopped below the hill,
And saw, lying close and still,
Men with muskets in their hands.
(Never Bunny understands
That hypocrisy of sleep,
In the vigils grim they keep,
As recumbent on that spot
They elude the level shot.)

One — a grave and quiet man,
  Thinking of his wife and child
Far beyond the Rapidan,
  Where the Androscoggin smiled —
Felt the little rabbit creep,
  Nestling by his arm and side,
Wakened from strategic sleep,
  To that soft appeal replied,

Drew him to his blackened breast,
And —

But you have guessed the rest.
Softly o'er that chosen pair,
Omnipresent Love and Care
Drew a mightier Hand and Arm,
Shielding them from every harm;
Right and left the bullets waved —
Saved, the savior and the saved.

* * * * * *

Who believes that equal grace
God extends in every place,
Little difference he scans
'Twixt a rabbit's God and man's.

II. The Blue and the Gray[1]

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave grass quiver
Asleep are the ranks of the dead; —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

[1] By Francis Miles Finch, an American lawyer (1827–1907).

These, in the robings of glory,
Those, in the gloom of defeat,
All, with the battle blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet; —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours.
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe; —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun rays fall,
With a touch, impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all; —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,

With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain; —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won; —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever,
When they laurel the graves of our dead; —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears, for the Blue;
Tears and love, for the Gray.

NOTE. — The above touching little poem first appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* in September, 1867. It commemorates the noble action on the part of the women at Columbus, Miss., who in decorating the graves strewed flowers impartially on those of the Confederate and of the Federal soldiers.

III. The Conquered Banner[1]

Furl that banner, for 'tis weary;
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;
Furl it, fold it, it is best;
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it;
And its foes now scorn and brave it;
Furl it, hide it; let it rest!

Take that banner down! 'tis tattered;
Broken is its staff and shattered;
And the valiant hosts are scattered
Over whom it floated high.
Oh! 'tis hard for us to fold it;
Hard to think there's none to hold it;
Hard that those who once unrolled it
Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that banner! furl it sadly!
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
And ten thousands wildly, madly,
Swore it should forever wave;

[1] By Abram J. Ryan, an American clergyman, usually known as Father Ryan (1839–1886).

Swore that foeman's sword should never
Hearts like theirs entwined dissever
And that flag should float forever
O'er their freedom or their grave.

Furl it! for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low;
And that banner — it is trailing,
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe.

For, though conquered, they adore it,
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it,
Weep for those who fell before it,
Pardon those who trailed and tore it, —
But, oh, wildly they deplore it,
Now to furl and fold it so!

Furl that banner! True, 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust;
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages —
Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that banner, softly, slowly!
Treat it gently — it is holy —
For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not — unfold it never,
Let it droop there, furled forever,
For its people's hopes are fled.

WHEN WAR SHALL BE NO MORE[1]

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals and forts:

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies;
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

[1] From "The Arsenal at Springfield," by Henry W. Longfellow.

THE YOUNG SERF[1]

It was towards the close of a September day. Old Gregor and his grandson Sasha were returning home through the forest with their bundles of wood. The old man stooped low under the weight of the heavy sticks he carried, while the boy dragged his great bunch of twigs and splints by a rope drawn over his shoulder. Where the trees grew thick, the air was already quite gloomy, but in the open spaces they could see the sky and tell how near it was to sunset.

Both were silent, for they were tired, and it is not easy to talk and carry a heavy load at the same time. But presently something gray appeared through the trees, at the foot of a low hill. It was the rock where they always rested on the way home. Old Gregor laid down his bundle there, and wiped his face on the sleeve of his brown jacket. Sasha sprang upon the rock and began to balance himself upon one foot, as was his habit whenever he tried to think about anything.

"Grandfather," he said at last, "why should all the forest belong to the Baron, and none of it to you?"

Gregor looked at him sharply for a moment before he answered: "It was his father's and his grandfather's. It has been the property of the family for many a hundred years, and we have never had any."

[1] Abridged from "Boys of Other Countries," by Bayard Taylor, an American traveler and writer (1825–1878).

"I know that," said Sasha. "But why did it come so at first?"

Gregor shook his head. "You might as well ask how the world was made." Then, seeing that the boy looked troubled, he added in a kinder tone: "What put such a thought into your head?"

"Why, the forest itself!" Sasha cried. "The Baron lets us have the top branches and little twigs, but he always takes the logs and sells them for money. I know all the trees, and he doesn't; and there's many a tree that would say to me, if it could talk: 'I'd rather belong to you, Sasha, because I know you.'"

"Aye, and the moon would say the same to you, boy, and the sun and stars, maybe. You might as well want to own them, — and you don't even belong to yourself."

Gregor's voice was very sad. Sasha looked at him and knew not what to say, but he felt that his heart was beating violently. All at once he heard a rustling among the dead leaves, and a sound like steps approaching. The old man took hold of his grandson's arm and made a sign to him to be silent. The sound came nearer, and presently they could distinguish some dusky object moving towards them through the trees.

"Is it a robber?" whispered Sasha.

"It is not a man. I see his head; it is a bear. Keep quiet, boy! make no noise. Take this tough stick, but hold it at your side, as I do with mine. Look

him in the face, if he comes close; and if I tell you to strike, hit him on the end of the nose."

It was, indeed, a full-grown bear, marching slowly on his great flat feet. He was not more than thirty yards distant, when he saw them, and stopped. Both kept their eyes fixed upon his head, but did not move. The bear gazed steadily at them for what seemed a long time. Finally he gave a sniff and a grunt, tossed up his nose, and slowly walked on, stopping once or twice to turn and look back, before he disappeared from view. Sasha lifted his stick and shook it towards him; he felt that he should never again be much afraid of bears.

"Now, boy," said Gregor, "you have learned how to face danger. But come along! It will be dark before we get to the village, and the potatoes are cooked by this time."

The mention of the potatoes revived all Sasha's forgotten hunger, and he obeyed in silence. After walking for a mile as rapidly as their loads would permit, they saw the wooden houses of the village, on a low green hill, in the last gleams of sunset. The church, with its three little copper-covered domes, stood on the highest point; next to it the priest's house and garden. Then began the broad street, lined with square log cabins sloping down to a large pond, at the foot of which was a mill. Beyond the water there was a great stretch of grazing meadow, then long, rolling fields of

"The bear gazed steadily at them."

rye and barley, extending to the woods which bounded the view in every direction.

The whole region, including the village and nearly all the people in it, belonged to the estate of a Russian baron. Sasha and his grandfather, like all their neighbors, were serfs. Their labor and even their property belonged to the owner of the land.

It was nearly dark when old Gregor and Sasha threw down their loads, and entered the house. The supper was already waiting. In one corner of the room a tiny lamp was burning before a picture of the Virgin Mary. Sasha's father, Ivan, had also lighted a long pine splint, and the room looked very cheerful.

The boiled potatoes were smoking in a great wooden bowl, beside which stood a dish of salt, another of melted fat, and a loaf of black bread. They had neither plates, knives, nor forks, only some coarse wooden spoons; and all ate out of the bowl, after the salt had been sprinkled and the fat poured over the potatoes.

Sasha was about thirteen years old, rather small for his age, and hardly to be called a handsome boy. But there was something very pleasant in his large gray eyes, and his long, thick flaxen hair shone almost like silver when the sun fell upon it. However, he never thought about his looks.

The boy was burning with desire to tell the adventure with the bear, but he did not like to speak before

his grandfather. Gregor first lighted his pipe, and then related the story as if it were something that happened every day. "Pity I hadn't your gun with me, Ivan," he said at the close; "what with the meat, the fat, and the skin, we should have had thirty roubles."

The children were noisy with excitement. Little Peter said: "What for did you let him go, Sasha? I'd have killed him and carried him home!" Then all laughed so heartily that Peter began to cry and was soon packed into a box in the corner, where he slept with his brothers, Waska and Sergius.

"Take the gun with you to-morrow, father," said Ivan.

"It's too much, with my load of wood," Gregor answered; "the old hunting knife is all I want. Sasha will stand by me with a club; he'll not be afraid the next time."

Sasha was about to exclaim, "I wasn't afraid the first time!" but before he spoke he remembered that he did tremble a little — just a very little.

By this time it was dark outside. The older people went to bed in their narrow rooms, which were hardly better than closets. Sasha spread a coarse sack of straw on the floor and lay down. He covered himself with his sheepskin coat, and in five minutes was so sound asleep that he might have been dragged out of his bed without being awakened.

CHRISTMAS LESSONS

I. Christmas Everywhere [1]

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!
Christmas in lands of the fir tree and pine,
Christmas in lands of the palm tree and vine,
Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and white,
Christmas where cornfields lie sunny and bright!

Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,
Christmas where old men are patient and gray,
Christmas where peace, like a dove in his flight,
Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight,
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night.

For the Christ Child who comes is the Master of all;
No palace too great and no cottage too small.

II. Songs of Christmas [2]

Blow bugles of battle, the marches of peace;
East, west, north, and south let the long quarrel cease.
Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,
Sing of glory to God and of good will to man!

[1] By Phillips Brooks.

[2] By John G. Whittier.

III. It came upon the Midnight Clear[1]

It came upon the midnight clear
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good will to men
From heav'n's all gracious King;"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurl'd;
And still their heav'nly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

IV. The Time of Good Will[2]

At Christmas-tide the open hand
Scatters its bounty o'er sea and land,
And none are left to grieve alone,
For love is heaven and claims its own.

[1] By Edmund H. Sears. [2] By Margaret E. Sangster.

BELLS OF THE NEW YEAR[1]

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

[1] By Alfred Tennyson.

THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR

To be Memorized

How happy is he born and taught
  That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
  And simple truth his utmost skill.

—*Sir Henry Wotton*

Our lives are albums written through
With good or ill, with false or true;
And, as the blessed angels turn
  The pages of our years,
God grant they read the good with smiles,
  And blot the ill with tears!

—*John G. Whittier*

Some day Love shall claim his own,
Some day Right ascend his throne,
Some day hidden Truth be known;—
  Some day—some sweet day.

—*Anonymous*

I hope I shall always possess firmness and virtue enough to maintain what I consider the most enviable of all titles, the character of an Honest Man.

—*George Washington*

THE LITTLE DUKE[1]

Richard of Normandy was eight years old when his father died and he succeeded to the dukedom of his native land and of Brittany.

"The little duke is my subject," said Louis, king of France. "He shall be my ward, also; and with your leave, brave Normans, he must come and live at my court."

The king's court was then at Laon, and no time was to be lost in sending the little duke thither. So, out of Rouen he rode while the stout burghers shouted, "Long live Duke Richard! Long live King Louis! Death to the Fleming!" Away from the broad Seine he rode — away from home and friends — and by his side rode his trusty squire, Osmond, who had promised to be faithful to him, even to death.

The country through which they passed was not like Normandy. First, they came to a great forest, which seemed to have no pathway through it. All the time, every one was on the lookout for robbers, and the weapons were held ready for use at a moment's notice. Beyond the forest there was a broad marsh where there was only one safe road across. This road was slippery, and narrow, and treacherous; and the ground was so soft that their horses' feet left pools of water wherever they trod.

[1] By Charlotte M. Yonge, an English story-writer (1823–1901).

At the other end of the marsh, a long tract of dreary-looking heath began, where there was no sign of life. And so, throughout the whole journey, there was a continual succession of waste lands, marshes, and forests. Now and then, however, one might see a strong castle standing on high ground and frowning on the country round. Clustered beside the castles were little villages where the people, at first sight of an armed band, fled away; or, if they remained, they proved to be thin, wretched creatures, often with iron collars round their necks.

Thus they traveled until they reached the royal castle at Laon. They rode through the narrow arched gateway and dismounted. Then Osmond led the little duke up the steps to the castle hall. The hall was full of people, but no one made way, and Richard, holding his squire's hand, looked up into his face, inquiring and bewildered.

"Sir Seneschal," said Osmond, seeing a portly old man, with gray hair and a golden chain, "this is the Duke of Normandy — I pray you conduct him to the king's presence."

The seneschal instantly made him a low bow, and called out, "Place — place for the high and mighty prince, my lord Duke of Normandy!"

He then ushered him up to the dais, or raised part of the floor where the king and queen sat together talking. The queen looked around, as Richard was

announced. Her face was sallow, and it had a sharp, sour expression which did not please him. He hesitated; but Osmond, with a hand pressed on his shoulder, tried to remind him that he ought to go forward, and kiss her hand.

"There he is," said the king.

"One thing secure!" said the queen; "but what makes that northern giant keep so close to his heels?"

King Louis answered something in a low voice, and Osmond tried in a whisper to induce his young lord to go forward and perform his obeisance.

"I tell you I will not," said Richard. "She looks cross, and I do not like her."

Luckily he spoke in his own language; but his look and air expressed a good deal of what he said.

Then, seeing the king's eyes turned upon him, he bowed, partly because Osmond forced down his shoulder, but his proud heart resolved that he would never kiss the hand of the sour-looking queen; and he stood on the step of the dais, swelling with sullen pride.

The servants came to set the table for supper. Richard wondered that all this time he had not seen the two princes, the sons of King Louis. But, just as the supper was being served, a side door opened, and the seneschal called, "Place for the high and mighty princes, my lord Lothaire and my lord Carloman;" and in came two boys, one about the same age as Richard, the other perhaps a year younger. They were both thin, pale,

"Is that the little Northman?"

and sharp-featured; and Richard drew himself up to his full height, and was much pleased at being taller than Lothaire.

They came up ceremoniously to their father and kissed his hand, while he kissed their foreheads. "Here is a new playfellow for you," he said.

Carloman turned and stared at Richard. "Is that the little Northman?" he asked; and Richard felt much affronted that a boy so much smaller than himself should call him little.

"So, young Northman," said Lothaire, imperiously, "you have come here to play with us, have you?"

Richard was so amazed at being spoken to in this way that he made no answer.

"Ha! why don't you answer? Don't you hear? Can you speak only your own heathen language?" cried Lothaire.

"The Norman is no heathen language," answered Richard, boldly. "We are as good Christians as you are — yes, better!"

"Hush! hush! my lord!" whispered Osmond. . . .

Nothing more was said, and they sat down to supper, Richard next to Carloman.

Presently, when there was a good deal of talking going on, the little prince asked in a half-whispered tone, "Do you like salt beef or fresh?"

"I like fresh," answered Richard, very gravely, "but we eat only salt all the winter."

There was another silence, and then Carloman whispered, "How old are you?"

"I shall be nine on the eve of St. Boniface. How old are you?"

"Eight. I was eight at Martinmas; and Lothaire was nine three days ago."

Another silence. Then, as Osmond waited on Richard, the little prince spoke again, "Is that your squire?"

"Yes. His name is Osmond."

"How tall he is!"

"We Normans are taller than you French."

"Don't say that to Lothaire. It will make him angry."

"Why? It's the truth."

"Yes; but" — and Carloman spoke very low — "there are things that Lothaire will not hear said. Don't make him cross, or mother will be displeased."

There was another silence. Then Carloman ventured another question: "Do you make snowballs?"

"To be sure I do! Don't you?"

"Oh, no! the snow is so cold."

"Ah, you are but a little boy," said Richard, in a superior manner. . . .

Bedtime came not long after supper. Richard's room was smaller than the one he had been used to at home. But it amazed him greatly when he first went into it. He stood for some time, gazing in wonder.

"It is like being in a church," he said.

"Yes; no wonder these poor French cannot stand

before a Norman lance," said Osmond. "They can't sleep without glass in their windows — they're so afraid of the cold."

"And see, Osmond!" said Richard. "They've put up hangings round the wall, just as in a church on feast days. This must be a mistake — they've put us into a chapel instead of a bedroom."

"No, no, my lord," answered Osmond. "There is no mistake. But who ever heard of glass windows and hangings in a sleeping room? I don't like them. I shall always be waking and thinking I'm in the chapel at home, listening to the early morning prayers. I'll have this precious window out, if I can."

Now, the truth is that the glass windows at Laon were not permanent. Such luxuries were so precious, indeed, that the court possessed only one set of casements, or sashes, and these were taken down and carried from place to place as often as the king went from one of his palaces to another. So Osmond had but little trouble in removing the glass panes and letting in the sharp, wintry breeze.

The next thing he did was to give his young master a lecture on courtesy, telling him how rude he had been when he neglected to show common civility to the queen — a lady.

"Well, she should not have made sour faces at me," said Richard.

"Perhaps not," answered the squire; "but you know

that the first lesson to a young knight is to be courteous to ladies, no matter whether they are fair and young, or old and ugly. Till you learn and note that, my lord, you will never be worthy of your golden spurs."

"Well, I wish we were back in Normandy. I can't bear that Lothaire. He is proud, and unknightly, and cruel. I shall never like him."

"Hush, my lord! Beware of speaking so loud. You are not in your own castle."

"And Carloman is chicken-hearted," Richard went on, unheeding. "He doesn't like to touch snow, and he cannot slide on the ice, and he's afraid of the house dog."

"He is very little," said Osmond.

"Well, I was not so cowardly at his age — now, was I, Osmond? Don't you remember?"

"Come, my lord, I cannot let you wait, to remember everything. Tell your beads, and pray that we may some time return safe to Rouen, and compose yourself to sleep."

So Richard told his beads, repeating a prayer with every bead; and Osmond did the same. Then the little duke crept into a narrow crib of richly carved walnut; and the squire, gathering a heap of rushes together, lay down upon them across the doorway. The duke was soon asleep; but the squire lay long awake, thinking on the possible dangers that surrounded his charge, and on the best way of guarding against them.

"GOOD HOT CAKES!"[1]

"Cakes, cakes, my good hot cakes!"

Thus sang the old woman peddler under our window. Every winter evening during my childhood she was sure to pass along our street singing the same plaintive, insistent song, —

"Cakes, cakes, my good hot cakes!"

That cry of "good hot cakes" recalls the memory of many a pleasant Sunday evening. For on such evenings, having no lessons to study, I sat with my parents in the front parlor which overlooked the street; I was near enough to hear the poor woman quite plainly. As the clock struck nine, I began to listen for her, and the next minute she was sure to pass along the sidewalk, breaking the stillness of the frosty night with her sonorous call.

She foretold the coming of winter as surely as the swallows tell us of the approach of spring. When the autumn days grew crisp and cold we began to expect her. Then, the first time we heard her song, some one would say, "Well, winter is really here."

This parlor where we sat together seemed a very immense room to me. It was simply and tastefully furnished and arranged: the walls and the woodwork were brown, decorated with strips of gold; the furniture was upholstered in red velvet; the family por-

[1] Translated and adapted from Pierre Loti, a French writer.

traits were in severe black and gold frames. On a table in the center of the room there was a large Bible that had been printed in the sixteenth century. This was a precious heirloom that had come down to us from our Huguenot ancestors. To add to the cheerfulness of the room, my mother often decorated it with baskets and vases of flowers, a custom which then was not so usual as it is now.

I was always much delighted when we left the dining room and went into the parlor, for the latter room seemed to be so peaceful and comfortable. When all the family were seated there in a circle, mother, grandmother, and aunts, I began to skip about noisily in their midst from very joy at being with so many loved ones; and I could scarcely wait for them to begin the little games which they were in the habit of playing with me early in the evening.

Our neighbors came to see us every Sunday; it was a time-honored custom. The friendship between our two families had begun in the country long, long before our time; it was a friendship that had come down to us as a precious heritage. At about eight o'clock I began to listen for their ring. As soon as I heard it, I jumped for joy, and I could not restrain myself from running to the street door to meet them. I knew that my little friend Lucette was there, for she always came with her parents.

Then the older people would begin to play, for the

purpose of giving us pleasure, the little games of which we were so fond. . . . Everybody took part in them, even my grand-aunt, Bertha, the eldest of all, and her playing was certainly droll.

Suddenly I would become quiet and listen attentively. Then I heard in the distance, —

"Cakes, cakes, my good hot cakes!"

Nearer and louder grew the sound, for the singer was trotting along with short, quick steps. Very soon she was under our window, and there she kept repeating her song in a shrill, cracked voice.

When they would allow me to do so, it was my greatest pleasure to run to the door. I cared nothing for the cakes, but it gave me great pleasure to stop the old woman and talk with her.

The poor old peddler, proud of being called, would approach with a curtsy. Then, standing with one foot upon the doorstep, she would open her basket for our inspection. Her neat dress was set off by the white linen sleeves that she always wore. While she uncovered her basket I would look longingly, like a caged wild bird, far down the cold, deserted street.

How pleasant it was to breathe in great breaths of the frosty air, to glance hurriedly into the black night outside the door, and then to run back into the warm and comfortable parlor. And now I could hear the plaintive song growing fainter and fainter until it died away into the mean streets that lay close along the

riverside. The old woman always went along the same streets and byways, and my thoughts followed her as long as the song could be heard.

I felt a great pity for the poor old woman still wandering about in the cold night, while we were snug and warm at home. But mingled with that feeling there was another thought. It was this: I had a strange curiosity to see those wretched streets through which the old peddler went so bravely, and to which I had never been taken.

At half-past nine tea was served. With it we had thin slices of bread, spread with the most delicious butter, and cut with the nicest care. Then, at about eleven o'clock, after a prayer, we retired.

As I lay in my little white bed, I was always more restless Sunday nights than at any other time. I could not help thinking of my old tutor. I was full of regret because Sunday was over, always over so quickly! And I felt a great weariness when I thought of the many lessons it would be necessary for me to learn before another Sunday came.

Expression: What circumstances were connected in the writer's mind with Sunday evening? What do you associate with Sunday?

Study the description of the parlor. With this as a model describe your own parlor on Sunday evening. Read the peddler's cry in such a manner as to show her approach to the house; her passing away from it.

TWO FAMOUS SCOTTISH BALLADS

I. Lochinvar[1]

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west: —
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best,
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Esk River where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men and kinsmen and brothers and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied; —
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide —
And now am I come with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.

[1] From "Marmion," by Sir Walter Scott (1771–1832).

Lochinvar.

There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed of the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar, —
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby
clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they
ran:
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

II. Lord Ullin's Daughter[1]

A chieftain, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry." —

"Now who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter. —

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

[1] By Thomas Campbell, a Scottish poet (1777–1844).

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief — I'm ready: —
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady;

"And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry." —

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer
Adown the glen rode armèd men
Their trampling sounded nearer. —

"Oh, haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather,
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father." —

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her, —
When, oh! too strong for human hand
The tempest gathered o'er her. —

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing.
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover: —
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water;
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter! — oh, my daughter!"

'Twas vain; the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing; —
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

WORD STUDY: *Lochinvar, Ullin, Græmes, Lochgyle; galliard, croupe, scaur, heather, wight.*

A BALLAD OF PAUL JONES[1]

'Tis of a gallant Yankee ship that flew the stripes and stars,
And the whistling wind from the west-no'west blew through the pitch-pine spars;
With her starboard tacks aboard, my boys, she hung upon the gale;
On an autumn night we raised the light on the old Head of Kinsale.

It was a clear and cloudless night, and the wind blew steady and strong,
As gayly over the sparkling deep our good ship bowled along;
With the foaming seas beneath her bow the fiery waves she spread,
And bending low her bosom of snow, she buried her lee cathead.

There was no talk of short'ning sail by him who walked the poop,
And under the press of her pond'ring jib, the boom bent like a hoop!
And the groaning waterways told the strain that held her stout main tack,
But he only laughed as he glanced aloft at a white and silvery track.

[1] An old sea ballad, author unknown.

The mid-tide meets in the Channel waves that flow
from shore to shore,
And the mist hung heavy upon the land from Feather-
stone to Dunmore,
And that sterling light in the Tusker Rock where the
old bell tolls each hour,
And the beacon light that shone so bright was quench'd
on Waterford Tower.

What looms upon our starboard bow? What hangs
upon the breeze?
'Tis time our good ship hauled her wind abreast the
old Saltees,
For by her ponderous press of sail and by her consorts
four
We saw our morning visitor was a British man-of-war.

Up spoke our noble Captain then, as a shot ahead of us
passed —
"Haul snug your flowing courses! Lay your topsail
to the mast!"
Those Englishmen gave three loud hurrahs from the
deck of their covered ark,
And we answered back by a solid broadside from the
decks of our patriot bark.

"Out booms! out booms!" our skipper cried. "Out
booms, and give her sheet!"

And the swiftest keel that was ever launched shot
ahead of the British fleet;
And amidst a thundering shower of shot, with stun-
sails hoisting away,
Down the North Channel Paul Jones did steer just at
the break of day.

THE STORY OF OUR FLAG[1]

The history of our flag is of very great interest, and brings to memory many sacred and thrilling associations. The banner of St. Andrew was blue, charged with a white saltier or cross, in the form of the letter X. It was used in Scotland as early as the eleventh century. The banner of St. George was white, charged with a red cross; and it was used in England as early as the first part of the fourteenth century. By a royal proclamation, dated April 22, 1700, the two crosses were joined together upon the same banner.

This ancient banner of England suggested the basis of our own flag. Other flags had been used at different times by our colonial ancestors, but they were not associated with, or made a part of, the "stars and stripes."

It was after Washington had taken command of the Revolutionary army at Cambridge, in 1776, that he unfolded before them the flag of thirteen stripes of

[1] By Alfred P. Putnam.

alternate red and white, having upon one of its corners the red and white crosses of St. George and St. Andrew on a field of blue. This was the standard which was borne into Boston when it was evacuated by the British troops and was entered by the American army.

Uniting, as it did, the flags of England and America, it showed that the colonists had not yet decided to sever the tie that bound them to the mother country. By that union of flags it was signified that the colonies were still a substantial part of the British Empire, and that they demanded the rights which such a relation implied. On the other hand, the thirteen stripes represented the union of the thirteen colonies; the white stripes indicated the purity of their cause, the red declared their defiance of cruelty and persecution.

On the 14th of June, 1777, it was resolved by Congress, "That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and that the union be thirteen white stars in a blue field." This resolution was made public in September, 1777, and the flag that was first made and used in pursuance of it was that which led the Americans to victory at Saratoga. The stars were arranged in a circle, in order, perhaps, to express the equality of the states.

In 1794, there having been two more new states added to the Union, it was voted that the alternate stripes, as well as the stars, be fifteen in number. The flag thus altered and enlarged was the banner borne

through all the contests of the War of 1812. It was observed, however, that if a new stripe should be added with every freshly admitted state, the flag would at length become inconveniently large. In 1818, therefore, Congress enacted that a permanent return should be made to the original number of thirteen stripes, and that the number of stars should be increased to correspond with the number of states.

Thus the flag might symbolize the Union as it might be at any given period of its history, and also as it was at the time of its birth. It was at the same time suggested that the stars, instead of being arranged in a circle, be formed into a single star — a suggestion which was occasionally adopted. At the present time it is sufficient if all the stars are there upon that azure field — the blue to be emblematical of perseverance, vigilance, and justice, and each star to signify the glory of the state it may represent.

What precious associations cluster around our flag!

Where has it not gone, the pride of its friends and the terror of its foes? What countries and what seas has it not visited? Where has not the American citizen been able to stand beneath its guardian folds and defy the world? With what joy and exultation seamen and travelers have gazed upon its stars and stripes, read in it the history of their nation's glory, and drawn from it the inspirations of patriotism!

RODNEY'S RIDE[1]

(July 3, 1776)

In that soft midland where the breezes bear
The north and the south on the genial air,
Through the county of Kent, on affairs of state,
Rode Caesar Rodney,[2] the delegate.

Burly and big, and bold and bluff,
In his three-cornered hat and his suit of snuff,
A foe to King George and the English state
Was Caesar Rodney, the delegate.

Into Dover village he rode apace,
And his kinsfolk knew, from his anxious face,
It was matter grave that had brought him there,
To the counties three upon Delaware.

"Money and men we must have," he said,
"Or the Congress fails and our cause is dead.
Give us both and the king shall not work his will —
We are men, since the blood of Bunker Hill."

[1] From "Heroic Happenings," by Elbridge S. Brooks.

[2] Caesar Rodney, of Dover, served in the Continental Congress as delegate from the three "Counties upon Delaware," as they were then termed. After the Declaration of Independence these counties received the name of "the Delaware State," and, in 1792, their present official title of the "State of Delaware."

Comes a rider swift on a panting bay:
"Hollo, Rodney, ho! you must save the day;
For the Congress halts at a deed so great,
And your vote alone may decide its fate!"

Answered Rodney then: "I will ride with speed;
It is Liberty's stress; it is Freedom's need.
When stands it?" "To-night. Not a moment spare
But ride like the wind, from the Delaware."

"Ho, saddle the black! I've but half a day,
And the Congress sits eighty miles away, —
But I'll be in time, if God grants me grace,
To shake my fist in King George's face."

He is up: he is off! and the black horse flies
On the northward road ere the "Godspeed!" dies.
It is gallop and spur, as the leagues they clear,
And the clustering milestones lag a-rear.

It is two of the clock; and the fleet hoofs fling
The Fieldsboro' dust with a clang and cling.
It is three; and he gallops with slack rein where
The road winds round to the Delaware.

Four; and he spurs into Newcastle town.
From his panting steed he gets him down —
"A fresh one quick; not a moment's wait!"
And off sped Rodney, the delegate.

"He spurs into Newcastle town."

It is five; and the beams of the western sun
Tinge the spires of Wilmington, gold and dun.
Six; and the dust of the Chester Street
Flies back in a cloud from his courser's feet.

It is seven; the horse-boat, broad of beam,
At the Schuylkill ferry crawls over the stream —
And at seven-fifteen by the Rittenhouse Clock
He flings his rein to the tavern jock.

The Congress is met; the debate's begun,
And Liberty lags for the vote of one —
When into the hall, not a moment late,
Walks Caesar Rodney, the delegate.

Not a moment late! and that half day's ride
Forwards the world with a mighty stride: —
For the Act was passed, ere the midnight stroke
O'er the Quaker City its echoes woke.

At Tyranny's feet was the gauntlet flung;
"We are free!" all the bells through the colonies rung.
And the sons of the free may recall with pride
The stirring story of Rodney's ride.

Expression: To understand this story, trace on the map Rodney's ride from middle Delaware to Philadelphia. When was the Declaration of Independence adopted? Study these words: *Caesar* (*sē'zär*), *delegate*, *stress*, *leagues*, *courser*, *Schuylkill* (*skōōl'kĭl*), *jock*, *tyranny*, *gauntlet*.

INDEPENDENCE BELL

" When it became certain that the Declaration would be adopted and confirmed by the delegates in Congress at Philadelphia, it was determined to announce the event by ringing the old Statehouse bell, which bore the inscription, ' Proclaim liberty throughout the land, to all the inhabitants thereof ! ' and the old bellman posted his little boy at the door of the hall to await the instructions of the doorkeeper when to ring. At the word, the little patriot rushed out, shouting ' Ring, *ring*, RING.' "

There was tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were full of people
Pacing restless up and down;
People gathering at corners,
Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples,
With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the Statehouse,
So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
"Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"

"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"
"Oh, God grant they won't refuse!"
"Make some way there!" "Let me nearer!"
"I am stifling." "Stifle then!
When a nation's life's at hazard,
We've no time to think of men."

So they beat against the portal,
Man and woman, maid and child;
And the July sun in heaven
On the scene looked down and smiled.
The same sun that saw the Spartan
Shed his patriot blood in vain,
Now beheld the soul of freedom,
All unconquered, rise again.

See! see! the dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Looks forth to give the sign;
With his little hands uplifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep, clear intonation,
Breaks his young voice on the air.

Hushed the people's swelling murmur;
List the boy's exulting cry!
"Ring!" he shouts aloud, "ring, grandpapa!
Ring! oh, ring for Liberty!"

Quickly at the given signal
The old bellman lifts his hand,
Forth he sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calmly gliding Delaware.
How the bonfires and the torches
Lighted up the night's repose,
And from flames, like fabled Phœnix,
Our glorious Liberty arose.

That old Statehouse bell is silent,
Hushed is now its clamorous tongue;
But the spirit it awakened
Still is living — ever young;
And when we greet the smiling sunlight,
On the fourth of each July,
We shall ne'er forget the bellman
Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
Rang out loudly, "Independence,"
Which, please God, shall never die.

WORD STUDY: Learn the story of the Spartans; of the Phœnix (*fē′nix*). Why is Philadelphia called the "Quaker town"? Who was Adams? Sherman?

JOHN MARSHALL OF VIRGINIA[1]

Among the great men of Virginia, John Marshall will always be remembered with honor and esteem. He was the son of a poor man, and his early life was spent in poverty; but he was not afraid of labor, and everybody saw that he was a person of more than common ability.

Little by little he rose to distinction, and there was scarcely any public office in the gift of the people that he might not have had for the asking. He served in the legislature of Virginia; he was sent as envoy to France; he was made Secretary of State; and finally he became Chief Justice of the United States. When he died at the age of eighty, he was one of the greatest and most famous men in America.

My father knew him well and loved him, and told me many things about him. He was very tall and thin, and dressed very plainly. He wore a suit of plain black cloth and common yarn stockings, which fitted tightly to his legs and showed how thin they were. He was a very great walker, and would often walk out to his farm, which was several miles from Richmond. But sometimes he went on horseback, and once he was met riding out with a bag of clover seed on the saddle before him.

His manners were plain and simple, and he liked to

[1] By John Esten Cooke, an American writer (1830–1886).

talk about everyday matters with plain country people, and laugh and jest with them. In a word, he was so great a man that he never thought of appearing greater than other people, but was always the same unpretending John Marshall.

It was a fashion among the gentlemen of Richmond to walk to market early in the morning and buy fresh meats and vegetables for their family dinners. This was a good old fashion, and some famous gentlemen continued to do so to the end of their lives. It was the habit of Judge Marshall, and very often he took no servant with him. He would buy what he wanted and return home, carrying his purchases on his arm; and on one of these occasions a little incident occurred which is well worth telling and remembering.

Judge Marshall had made his purchases at the market and was just starting for home when he heard some one using very rough and unbecoming language. He turned round and saw what was the cause of the hubbub. A finely dressed young man, who seemed to be a stranger, had just bought a turkey in the market, and finding that it would not be carried home for him became very angry.

Judge Marshall listened a moment to his ungentlemanly talk, and then stepping up to him asked, very kindly, "Where do you live, sir?"

The young man looked at the plainly dressed old countryman, as he supposed him to be, and then named the street and number where he lived.

"I happen to be going that way," said Judge Marshall, with a smile, "and I will take it for you."

The young man handed him the turkey and left the market, followed by Judge Marshall. When they reached the young man's home, Marshall politely handed him the turkey and turned to go.

"What shall I pay you?" asked the young man.

"Oh, nothing," answered Marshall; "you are welcome. It was on my way, and no trouble at all." He bowed and walked away, while the young man looked after him, beginning now to see that he had made a mistake.

"Who is that polite old gentleman who carried my turkey for me?" he asked of a friend who was passing.

"That is John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States," was the answer.

The young man was astounded and ashamed. "But why did he offer to carry my turkey?" he exclaimed.

"To give you a reprimand and teach you to attend to your own business and behave like a gentleman."

This little anecdote will show you the character of John Marshall; and I cannot believe that it was his wish merely to reprimand the foolish young man. He was too sweet-tempered and kind to take pleasure in reprimanding any one; and I have no doubt that he carried the turkey simply from the wish to be obliging.

THE SEVEN WISE MEN OF GREECE

I

About two thousand five hundred years ago, a merchant of Miletus was walking along the seashore when he saw some fishermen dragging a large net through the water. He stopped to watch them.

"My good fellows," he said, "how many fishes do you expect to draw up this time?"

"As many as our good luck will send us," they answered — "perhaps one, perhaps a hundred. No man can count his fishes before they are caught."

There was certainly something in the net. It dragged heavily. The fishermen were having a good haul.

"I will give you two pieces of silver for all the fishes in this draft," said the merchant.

"Say three pieces, and you shall have them," answered the fishermen.

The merchant looked at the net and saw how all the cords were stretched by the weight within it. For three pieces of silver he could buy only three or four small fishes in the market place; but here must be at least a dozen good large ones. So he said hastily, "Very well, it's a bargain. I will give three pieces."

A minute later the net was drawn up out of the water. There was not a fish in it; but it contained a beautiful golden tripod worth more than a thousand fishes.

The merchant was delighted. "Here is your money," he said. "The tripod is mine."

But the fishermen refused to give it up. They said that the merchant had bargained only for fishes, and that he had no right to anything else.

So they began to wrangle and dispute, and since they could not agree, they at last went before the governor of Miletus and asked him to decide the matter. Now the governor wished to retain the friendship of both the merchant and the fishermen, and so he hesitated. He stroked his chin, he looked very wise, and then he said that since the question was a very perplexing one he would refer it to the oracle at Delphi.

Everybody had faith in the oracle at Delphi. It was through this oracle that Apollo uttered words of wisdom and solved the riddles which perplexed man-

The Golden Tripod.

kind. A special messenger was therefore sent to Delphi to inquire whether the tripod should be awarded to the merchant or to the fishermen. After a good deal of delay, the oracle's answer was given: —

"Give not the merchant nor the fishermen the prize;
But send it to that man who's wisest of the wise."

The governor and people of Miletus were pleased with this decision. "Now wisdom shall be rewarded," they said. "In all the world there is no man more wise than Thales, our beloved neighbor and fellow citizen. The precious tripod shall be his."

II

Thales of Miletus was the most famous of all the philosophers of his time. His wisdom was unquestioned, and men came from all parts of the world to be instructed by him. Many of the truths of science which we are accustomed to think of as newly discovered were known to him. He said: —

"It is better to adorn the mind than the face."

"It is not the length of a man's tongue that is the measure of his wisdom."

"The most difficult thing is to know one's self; the easiest, to give advice to others."

"All things are full of God, and the world is supreme in beauty, because it is his workmanship."

The governor and citizens of Miletus were very proud when they carried the golden tripod to the humble

home of Thales and told him that the oracle had directed them to present it to the wisest of wise men.

"The wisest of the wise?" said he. "Why, there are many men who are wiser than I. There is my friend Bias of Priene. He excels all other men that I know. I will send the beautiful gift to him."

So he delivered the tripod into the hands of trusted messengers and bade them carry it to Bias and repeat to him the words of the oracle.

"And remember," said he, "that you must not return to Miletus until you have found the man most worthy of this treasure."

III

Bias of Priene was famous throughout the world for his wit and wisdom. He despised wealth, and was generous and kind even to his enemies. Many of his maxims are still remembered. He said: —

"Esteem a worthy friend as your greatest blessing."

"Endeavor to gain the good will of all men."

"Yield rather to persuasion than compulsion."

"Form your plans with deliberation, but execute them with vigor."

"Do not praise an unworthy man for the sake of his favor."

When the messengers from Thales arrived at Priene and offered to Bias the golden tripod, he refused it.

"The oracle did not intend that I should have it," he said; "for I am far from being the wisest of the

wise. I advise you to carry it to Mitylene. There you will find Pittacus, a patriot and philosopher, who has just resigned a throne in order to devote himself to wisdom. He is the man whom the oracle meant."

IV

Pittacus of Mitylene was as brave as he was wise. He had led his countrymen in a war against foreign foes, and had helped them to depose a tyrant at home. They had made him their king; but as soon as he had given them wise and just laws, he retired again to the quiet of private life. He said: —

"Whatever you do, do it well."

"Know your opportunity."

"Do not do that to your neighbor which you would be unwilling for him to do to you."

The messengers found him sitting in his garden and discussing philosophy with his friends.

He looked at the tripod. "How beautiful!" he said; and then he read the words of the oracle.

"It is well that neither a merchant nor a fisherman shall own it; for a man whose daily thoughts are of money-getting or of fishing is not likely to appreciate so fine a work of art. I would accept it from you, but I know there are men far more worthy. There is Cleobulus, king of Rhodes. He excels all other men, not only in strength and beauty, but in the depth of his wisdom. Take it to him."

V

Cleobulus of Rhodes was learned in all the lore of the age in which he lived. He had studied philosophy at Athens, and had even spent some years in Egypt making himself acquainted with the wisdom of the ancient sages of that country. He said: —

"Be more attentive than talkative."

"Endeavor always to employ your thoughts on something worthy."

"Detest ingratitude."

"Educate the children."

When the messengers came into his palace bearing the golden tripod, he asked: —

"Do you wish to sell it? What is its price?"

"It is not for sale," answered the messengers. "It is a gift to the wisest of wise men; for so the oracle at Delphi has decreed."

"Well, you will not find the wisest of wise men in Rhodes. If I mistake not, he lives in Corinth, and his name is Periander. Carry it to him."

VI

Periander, king of Corinth, was indeed a man of great learning and intelligence. Yet he was selfish and cruel, and had little love for his fellow men. Cleobulus had heard only of his better qualities; otherwise he would not have thought of awarding him the tripod.

He could give good advice to others, but seldom followed it himself. Among his maxims were these: —

"Perform whatever you have promised."

"In prosperity be moderate; in adversity be prudent."

"Prudence can accomplish great things."

"The intention of crime is as sinful as the act."

As soon as the messengers arrived in Corinth he commanded them to be brought into his presence.

"I have heard of the rich tripod which you are carrying from place to place, and I have also been told its history," he said. "Do you suppose that you will find any man in Corinth who deserves so rare a gift?"

The messengers answered, "We have been directed to deliver it to the wisest of wise men — and who can that be but yourself?"

Periander laughed. "The wisest of wise men, indeed! If I should claim that honor, the whole world would heap ridicule upon me. In every city of Greece there is some one who is renowned for his learning and prudence. But I think the man who excels all the rest is Chilon of Lacedæmon. I bid you take the tripod to him, with my compliments."

VII

Chilon was a man of quiet habits. He was a statesman and philosopher, a patriot, a lover of humanity, and above all a thinker. Yet but few persons outside of his own country of Lacedæmon had ever heard his

name. His neighbors, however, knew him as a maker of maxims, such as the following: —

"Be not over hasty."

"Govern your anger."

"Reverence old age."

"Seek not impossibilities."

"The three most difficult things are, to keep a secret, to employ time properly, and to bear an injury."

When it was announced to him that messengers had arrived in the city with a costly gift for himself, he gave orders that they should wait until he was at leisure to receive them; for, being one of the chief rulers of Lacedæmon, his time was very closely taken up with public affairs. At length, after several days of waiting, the men were conducted into his presence.

"We have here," they said, "a golden tripod, very costly and beautiful, which the oracle at Delphi has directed to be presented to the wisest of wise men."

"Then carry it immediately to my enemy, Solon of Athens," said Chilon, interrupting them. "Of all men in the world, he is the first in wisdom."

VIII

Solon of Athens was a man of unusual attainments. He was a poet, a warrior, a statesman. The code of laws which he drew up for Athens is still remembered as the most perfect of ancient times. His precepts

were full of wisdom, and were known to every young man in Greece.

"Do not associate with the bad."

"Do not select friends hastily."

"Trust to virtue and probity, rather than to oaths."

"Reverence God and honor your parents."

The messengers with the tripod arrived in Athens and were led into the presence of Solon, who was at that time chief ruler of the city. When they made known their errand, he paused for a while in deep thought.

"I, myself, make no pretensions to wisdom," he said, "but there are at least six very wise men in Greece, and among these there must be one who is the wisest of all. They are Pittacus, Bias, Chilon, Cleobulus, Periander, Thales —"

"We have offered the prize to every one of these," interrupted the messengers, "and each has refused it, saying that he is unworthy of it."

"Then there is but one thing to be done," said Solon. "Carry it to Delphi, and there consecrate it to Apollo, who is himself the source of wisdom, and the wisest of the wise." And this they did.

EXPRESSION: Pronounce properly: *Mī lē'tus, Del'phī, Prī e'ne, Mi ty le'ne, Rhōdes, Cŏr'inth, Lacedæmon* (*lăs e dē'mŏn*), *Ath'ens*; *Tha'lēs, Bī'as, Pit'ta cus, Cle o bu'lus, Pĕr i an'der, Chilon* (*kī'lon*), *So'lon, A pol'lo.* Which of the wise men do you think was wisest? Why? Make a list of the maxims in this story, and repeat the two which you like best.

THE GOLDEN RULE[1]

Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.

And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Or why wilt thou say to thy brother, "Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye;" and, behold, a beam is in thine own eye?

Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent?

If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him.

Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets.

[1] From the "Sermon on the Mount," Matthew VII, 1-12.

RULES OF CONDUCT[1]

Be reserved, but not sour; grave, but not formal; bold, but not rash; humble, but not servile; patient, not insensible; constant, not obstinate; cheerful, not light; intimate with very few, and upon very good grounds.

Return the civilities thou receivest, and be ever grateful for favors.

If thou hast done an injury to another, rather own it than defend it. One way thou gainest forgiveness; the other thou doublest the wrong and the reckoning.

If thou thinkest twice before thou speakest once, thou wilt speak twice the better for it.

Believe nothing against another, but upon good authority: nor report what may hurt another, unless it be a greater hurt to others to conceal it.

Happy that king who is great by justice, and that people who are free by obedience.

They that soar too high often fall hard; which makes a low and level dwelling preferable.

We are apt to love praise, but not to deserve it.

Inquire often, but judge rarely, and thou wilt not often be mistaken.

Speak properly, and in as few words as you can, but always plainly; for the end of speech is not ostentation, but to be understood.

[1] By William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania (1644–1718).

SOME OF POOR RICHARD'S SAYINGS[1]

He that can travel well afoot keeps a good horse.

Sloth maketh all things difficult; industry, all easy.

If you would have a faithful servant, serve yourself.

The discontented man finds no easy chair.

A little neglect may breed great mischief. For want of a nail the shoe was lost, and for want of a shoe the horse was lost, and for want of a horse the rider was lost.

One to-day is worth two to-morrows.

Little strokes fell great oaks.

The sleeping fox catches no poultry.

Diligence is the mother of good luck.

Constant dropping wears away stones.

A small leak will sink a great ship.

He that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing.

Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt.

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other.

Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy and wealthy and wise.

For age and want save while you may;
No morning sun lasts the whole day.

Plow deep while sluggards sleep,
And you shall have corn to sell and keep.

[1] By Benjamin Franklin (1706–1790).

THE SCHOOL OF LONG AGO

I. In School Days[1]

Still sits the schoolhouse by the road,
A ragged beggar sleeping;
Around it still the sumacs grow,
And blackberry vines are creeping.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jackknife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its walls;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting,
Lit up its western window panes
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

[1] By John G. Whittier (1807–1892).

For near her stood the little boy
  Her childish favor singled;
His cap pulled low upon a face
  Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
  To right and left, he lingered,
As restlessly her tiny hands
  The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
  The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
  As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
  I hate to go above you,
Because," — the brown eyes lower fell, —
  "Because, you see, I love you."

Still memory to a gray-haired man
  That sweet child face is showing —
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
  Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn in life's hard school
  How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
  Like her, because they love him.

II. The District School[1]

A district school — and what was a district school eighty years ago? Let us learn what manner of place it was, and what was its routine of exercises.

The schoolhouse stood in an open place, formed by the crossing of roads. It was very small and of one story; contained one apartment, had two windows on each side, a small door in the gable end that faced the road, and a low doorstep before it. It was the thing called *house* in its simplest form. Within and without, it was destitute of anything ornamental.

The sun in summer, the winds in winter, had their will of it; there was nothing to avert the fury of either. It was built for an average of thirty pupils, but it frequently contained fifty; and then the little schoolroom was a compact mass of young humanity. The teacher had to dispense with his table, and was lucky if he could find room for his chair.

The side of the apartment opposite the door was occupied chiefly by a vast fireplace, four or five feet wide, where a carman's load of wood could burn in one prodigious fire. Along the side of the room was a low, slanting shelf, which served for a desk to those who wrote, and against the sharp edge of which the elder pupils leaned when they were not writing.

The seats were made of "slabs" inverted, sup-

[1] By James Parton, an American biographer (1822–1891).

ported on sticks, and without backs. The elder pupils sat along the sides of the room — the girls on one side, the boys on the other. The youngest pupils sat nearest the fire, where they were as much too warm as those who sat near the door were too cold. In a school of forty pupils there would be a dozen who were grown-up, marriageable young men and women. Not infrequently married men, and occasionally married women, attended school in the winter.

Among the younger pupils there were usually a dozen who could not read, and half as many who did not know the alphabet. The teacher was, perhaps, one of the farmers' sons of the district, who knew a little more than his elder pupils, and only a little, or he was a student who was working his way through college. His wages were those of a farm laborer — ten or twelve dollars a month and his board. He boarded "*round*," that is, he lived a few days at each of the houses of the district, stopping longest at the most agreeable place.

III. The Jolly Old Pedagogue[1]

'Twas a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,
Tall and slender, and sallow and dry.
His form was bent, and his gait was slow;
His long, thin hair was as white as snow;
But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye;

[1] By George Arnold, an American journalist (1834–1865).

And he sang every night, as he went to bed —
"Let us be happy, down here below:
The living should live, though the dead be dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He taught his scholars the rule of three,
Writing, and reading, and history, too;
He took the little ones up on his knee,
For a kind old heart in his breast had he,
And the wants of the littlest child he knew.
"Learn while you're young," he often said;
"There's much to enjoy, down here below:
Life for the living, and rest for the dead!"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

With the stupidest boys he was kind and cool,
Speaking only in gentlest tones;
The rod was hardly known in his school;
Whipping, to him, was a barbarous rule,
And too hard work for his poor old bones;
Besides, it was painful, he sometimes said.
"We should make life pleasant, down here below:
The living need charity more than the dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He lived in the house by the hawthorn lane,
With roses and woodbine over the door.

"'Tis a glorious world, down here below."

His rooms were quiet and neat and plain;
But a spirit of comfort there held reign,
And made him forget he was old and poor.
"I need so little," he often said;
"And my friends and relatives here below
Won't litigate over me when I am dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He smoked his pipe in the balmy air,
Every night, when the sun went down,
While the soft wind played in his silvery hair,
Leaving its tenderest kisses there,
On the jolly old pedagogue's jolly old crown;
And, feeling the kisses, he smiled and said —
"'Tis a glorious world, down here below:
Why wait for happiness till we are dead?"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He sat at his door, one midsummer night,
After the sun had sunk in the west;
And the lingering beams of golden light
Made his kindly old face look warm and bright,
While the odorous night wind whispered, "Rest!"
Gently, gently he bowed his head.
There were angels waiting for him, I know:
He was sure of happiness, living or dead,
This jolly old pedagogue, long ago!

A BIT OF HUMOR[1]

You never saw such a commotion up and down a house as when my Uncle Podger undertook to do a job. A picture would have come home from the frame maker's and be standing in the dining room, waiting to be put up. Then Aunt Podger would ask what was to be done with it; and Uncle Podger would say in a tone of great importance: —

"Oh, you leave that to *me*. Don't you, any of you, worry yourselves about that. *I'll* do all that."

And then he would take off his coat and begin. He would send out the girl for a penny's worth of nails, and then one of the boys after her to tell her what size to get; and from that, he would gradually work down, and start the whole house.

"Now you go and get me my hammer, Will," he would shout; "and you bring me the rule, Tom; and I shall want the stepladder, and I had better have a kitchen chair, too; and, Jim, you run round to Mr. Goggles, and tell him, 'Pa's kind regards; hope his leg's better; and will he lend us his spirit level?' And don't you go, Maria, for I shall want somebody to hold me the light. And when the girl comes back she must go out again for a bit of picture cord. And, Tom! — where's Tom? — Tom, you come here; I shall want you to hand me up the picture."

[1] By Jerome K. Jerome, an English humorous writer.

And then he would lift up the picture, and drop it, and it would come out of the frame, and he would try to save the glass, and cut his finger; and then he would spring round the room, looking for his handkerchief. He would not find his handkerchief because it was in the pocket of the coat he had taken off, and he did not know where he had put the coat, and all the house had to leave off looking for his tools and start looking for his coat; while he would sit down and nurse his cut finger and storm at everybody.

"Doesn't anybody in the whole house know where my coat is? I never saw such a set in all my life — upon my word I didn't. Six of you! — and you can't find a coat that I put down not five minutes ago! Well, of all the —"

Then he'd get up and find that he had been sitting on it, and would call out: —

"Oh, you can give it up! I've found it myself now. Might just as well ask the cat to find anything as expect you people to find it."

And, when half an hour had been spent in tying up his finger, and a new glass had been got, and the tools and the ladder and the chair and the candle had been brought, he would have another go, while the whole family, including the girl and the washerwoman, stood round in a semicircle, ready to help. Two people would have to hold the chair, and a third would help him up on it, and hold him there, and a fourth would

hand him a nail, and a fifth would pass up the hammer. Then he would take hold of the nail, and drop it.

"There!" he would say in an injured tone, "now the nail's gone."

Then all would have to go down on their knees and grovel for it, while he would stand on the chair, and grunt, and want to know if he was to be kept there all the evening.

The nail would be found at last, but by that time he would have lost his hammer.

"Where's the hammer? What did I do with the hammer? I declare! Seven of you, gaping round there, and you don't know what I did with the hammer."

The hammer would be found, but now he would have lost sight of the mark he had made on the wall where the nail was to go in. Each of us had to get up on the chair, beside him, and see if we could find it; and we would each discover it in a different place, and he would call us all fools, one after another, and tell us to get down. Then he would take the rule, and re-measure, and find that he wanted half of thirty-one and three-eighths inches from the corner, and would try to do it in his head, and would go mad.

And we would all try to do it in our heads, and all arrive at different results, and sneer at one another. And in the general row, the original number would be forgotten, and Uncle Podger would have to measure it again.

He would use a string this time; but at the critical moment, when he was leaning over the chair and trying to reach a point three inches beyond what was possible for him to reach, the string would slip and down he would slide on the piano. A fine musical effect would of course be produced as his head and body struck all the notes at the same time.

By and by, Uncle Podger would get the spot fixed again, and put the point of the nail on it with his left hand, and take the hammer in his right hand. Then, with the first blow, he would smash his thumb, and drop the hammer, with a yell, on somebody's toes. And Aunt Maria would mildly remark that the next time he was going to drive a nail into the wall, she hoped he'd let her know a day or two before, so that she could pay her mother a visit while it was being done.

"Oh! you women, you make such a fuss over everything," Uncle Podger would answer. "Why, I *like* doing a little job of this sort."

Then he would have another try; and at the second blow, the nail would go clean through the plaster, and half the hammer after it; and Uncle Podger would fall over against the wall with such force as to flatten his nose. We had to find the rule and the string again, and a new hole was made, and the whole performance was repeated. At last, about midnight, the picture would be up — very crooked and insecure, the wall for yards round looking as if it had been smoothed down

with a rake, and everybody worn and wretched — everybody except Uncle Podger.

"There you are," he would say, stepping heavily off the chair. "Why, some people would have had a man in to do a little thing like that!"

EXPRESSION: This is an excellent selection for drill on tones, emphasis, and inflections. Practice reading Uncle Podger's various remarks, trying to speak each word or sentence just as you imagine he spoke it.

Read the last paragraph on page 155. What inflection should be given at the end of the first sentence? the second? the third? Point out the words that require the most emphasis. Study each paragraph in this way.

LAUGHING SONG[1]

When the green woods laugh with voice of joy
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by;
When the air does laugh with our merry wit,
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it;
When the meadows laugh with lively green,
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene;
When Mary and Susan and Emily
With their sweet round mouths sing "Ha, ha, he!"
When the painted birds laugh in the shade,
Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread:
Come, live and be merry, and join with me,
To sing the sweet chorus of "Ha, ha, he!"

[1] By William Blake.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN[1]

A Child's Story

I

Hamelin town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, what a pity!

II

Rats!
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

[1] By Robert Browning, an English poet (1812–1889).

III

At last the people in a body
To the town hall came flocking:
"'Tis clear," cried they, "our mayor's a noddy;
And as for our corporation — shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
At this the mayor and corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV

An hour they sat in council;
At length the mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain —
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh, for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap!
"Bless us," cried the mayor, "what's that?"
(With the corporation as he sat
Looking little though wondrous fat;

Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long-opened oyster.)
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

V

"Come in!" — the mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red,
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in;
There was no guessing his kith and kin:
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one: "It's as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the trump of doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!"

VI

He advanced to the council table:
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep or swim or fly or run,

After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole and toad and newt and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the selfsame check;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire bats:
And as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
"One? fifty thousand!" — was the exclamation
Of the astonished mayor and corporation.

VII

Into the street the piper stepped
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept

In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives —
Followed the piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished!
— Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
To rat-land home his commentary:
Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I hear a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe.

Into a cider press's gripe:
And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter casks:
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, 'Oh rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
So munch on, crunch on, take your nunchion,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!'
And just as a bulky sugar puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore me!'
— I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

VIII

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
"Go," cried the mayor, "and get long poles,
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!" when suddenly, up the face
Of the piper perked in the market place,
With a "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"
A thousand guilders! The mayor looked blue;

So did the corporation too.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
"Beside," quoth the mayor with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

IX

The piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait. Beside,
I've promised to visit by dinner time
Bagdat, and accept the prime
Of the head cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor:
With him I proved no bargain driver,
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe after another fashion."
"How?" cried the mayor, "d'ye think I brook

Being worse treated than a cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

X

Once more he stepped into the street
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

XI

The mayor was dumb, and the council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry

To the children merrily skipping by,
— Could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the piper's back.
But how the mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched council's bosoms beat,
As the piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When, lo, as they reached the mountain side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain side shut fast.
Did I say, all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say, —
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,

Which the piper also promised me.
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outrun our fallow deer,
And honeybees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings:
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

XII

Alas, alas, for Hamelin!
There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says that heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The mayor sent East, West, North, and South
To offer the piper, by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,

If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,
And piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
  Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
"And so long after what happened here
  On the twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six:"
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it the Pied Piper's Street,
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
  To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
  They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away,
And there it stands to this very day.

EXPRESSION: The story of pied piper and the rats is a very old legend, told and re-told in Germany for many centuries. Mr. Browning has made it interesting by his way of telling it. Try to make it interesting by your way of reading it.

THE BOY JUDGE[1]

I

In the days of the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid, there lived in Bagdad a merchant whose name was Ali Cogia. He had been very successful in business, and at length decided to go on a pilgrimage to Mecca. He therefore disposed of his shop and merchandise, rented his dwelling house, and made ready to join the next caravan to the holy city of Arabia.

Now he had a thousand pieces of gold over and above the sum he had set aside for his pilgrimage; and not knowing what else to do with them, he put them in a jar and then filled it with olives. The next day he carried the jar to a merchant named Hassan, who was his friend.

"Brother," he said, "you know that I am about to start to Mecca. Here is a jar of olives which I beg you to take care of till my return."

Hassan answered: "Certainly, my friend. Here is the key to my warehouse. Carry the jar thither yourself, and place it where you choose. As you leave it, so shall you find it."

Ali Cogia therefore set his jar on a shelf in his friend's warehouse, and soon afterwards started to Mecca. He made the pilgrimage in safety, and then, desiring to see still more of the world, he journeyed to many other famous cities, and then proceeded to India. Thus seven years passed before he set his face homeward.

[1] Retold from the "Arabian Nights."

Meanwhile the jar of olives stood in its place in the warehouse of the merchant Hassan, who had almost forgotten his friend Ali Cogia. But one evening, about the time that Ali Cogia was returning to Bagdad, Hassan was eating supper with his wife when she happened to speak of olives.

"You know I am so fond of them," she said, "and now I have not tasted one for more than a year!"

"Well, well!" said Hassan, "that reminds me of something. When Ali Cogia went to Mecca he left a jar of olives in my charge. Seven years have now passed, and nobody has heard from him. He is no doubt dead and will never return to claim his olives. Give me a dish and a light, and I will go and fetch some. I think we might as well eat them."

"But, Hassan, will that be honest?" said his wife. "A trust should be regarded, whether for a long time or a short. We have left the olives alone these seven years, and can't we do without them still? Think no more about them."

Hassan would not listen to the words of his wife. He found for himself a lamp and a dish, and started out. Again his wife warned him: "Remember, Hassan, that I have no share in what you are about to do."

Hassan laughed and went straightway to his warehouse. When he had opened the jar, he found that the olives were spoiled. Hoping that some good ones might remain towards the bottom, he emptied the jar

upon the floor, and to his great surprise, a number of gold pieces fell out.

Now, Hassan was not uncommonly honest. He put the money in a bag which he hid carefully away, returned the rotted olives to the jar, and quitted the warehouse.

"O wife," he said, "you were right about those olives; they are all spoiled. So I put the cover on the jar again, so that Ali Cogia, if he returns, will never notice that it has been touched."

"You did wisely," answered his wife; "but you would have done better still if you had never meddled with the olives."

Hassan lay awake all night, planning what he would do with the gold. In the morning he went out very early and bought a quantity of fresh, sound olives of that year's growth. Returning to his warehouse, he threw away the old olives and filled the jar with the fresh. Then he covered it as it had been before, and set it in its place.

Not long after this Ali Cogia arrived at home, much to the surprise of his friends. The next day he went to see his friend Hassan, and the two spent a pleasant hour together. Then, at length, Ali Cogia said,

"Brother, you remember the jar of olives which I left with you. I will now trouble you for it again."

"Yes, certainly," said Hassan. "I had really forgotten about it. But it stands just where you placed it. As you left it, so you find it."

Ali Cogia thanked him and carried the jar to the inn where he was staying. He shut the door of his room, took a large dish, and poured the olives into it. What was his astonishment when he found no gold, but only olives! "Is it possible that the man whom I trusted has robbed me?" he cried.

He hastened back to the merchant's house. "O Hassan," he said, "there were a thousand pieces of gold in that jar when I left it with you; but when I emptied it just now, there was nothing but olives."

"Indeed!" answered Hassan. "What do I know about any gold? You said that the jar contained olives. And as you left it, so you found it."

Then Ali Cogia besought him to confess that he had taken the money; but he angrily denied having so much as touched the jar, and was finally about to drive his old friend from his door.

Some of the neighbors, hearing loud words between the two men, came forward and tried to pacify them. "Refer the matter to the cadi," they said.

So to the cadi they went.

"This man, Hassan, has stolen a thousand pieces of gold which I intrusted to him," said Ali Cogia; and he told the whole story of the jar.

"Have you any witnesses?" asked the cadi.

Ali Cogia answered that he had not taken the precaution to have any, because he had firmly trusted in his friend's honesty.

Then the cadi bade Hassan state his side of the case. The merchant thereupon declared that he had neither taken the gold nor so much as opened the jar; and he offered to take an oath to that effect. The cadi accepted the oath and dismissed Hassan as innocent.

II

Ali Cogia was not at all satisfied with the cadi's decision. He drew up a petition to the caliph, Haroun-al-Raschid, and contrived to have it presented to him. The caliph read the petition carefully, pondered upon it, and then commanded that both Ali Cogia and Hassan should appear before him the following morning.

That same evening the caliph, with his friend Jaffar, went out in disguise for a stroll through the city. As he was walking down a back street, he heard a clamor of children's voices in a vacant yard, and looking in, saw several small boys at play.

"See, Jaffar," he said. "You and I often played together in that way when we were boys. Let us wait here by the wall and watch those little fellows a while."

So they sat down on a stone bench, and looked at the boys playing in the moonlight.

Presently one of the lads said, "Let's play Cadi's Court, boys."

"Yes! yes!" cried the others. "That will be great fun. Who will be the cadi?"

Playing "Cadi's Court"

"I will," answered the boy who had proposed the game. "I am the cadi. Now bring before me Ali Cogia and the merchant who stole the gold pieces from him."

At hearing this the caliph whispered to Jaffar, "Now we're going to have some rare sport. Perhaps I will learn a lesson in judgment;" and he smiled and stroked his beard.

The boy cadi took his seat with great pomp and dignity. Then his chief officer led forward two other boys whom he presented as Ali Cogia and Hassan.

The boy cadi spoke and said, "O Ali Cogia! wherefore comest thou before me? What is thy complaint?"

The boy Ali Cogia bent low, and told the story of the jar and the olives and the gold. After this the boy cadi demanded of the boy Hassan why he had not returned the jar of olives as he had found it. The boy Hassan declared that he had really done so; no one had so much as opened the jar, and he was ready to take oath that such was true.

Here Haroun, the caliph, jogged the elbow of Jaffar and whispered, "Now see what will happen."

"Not so fast, Hassan!" said the boy cadi. "Before you take any oath, I wish to see and taste some of those olives. Hast thou brought the jar with thee, Ali Cogia?"

The boy Ali Cogia answered that he had not. The boy cadi therefore bade him run and fetch it, which he did without delay.

Not to omit any formality, the boy cadi then said, "Hassan, dost thou admit that this is the veritable jar that was left with thee?"

"Yes," said the boy Hassan, "I do."

"Open it then, Ali Cogia."

The boy Ali Cogia obeyed.

Then said the boy cadi, looking into the jar, "The jar is indeed quite full of olives, and it appears that none have been taken out. I will taste some of them. Ah! they are fine; but rather fresh to have been in this jar seven years. Go! bring hither some olive merchants; we must have their opinion."

Soon two boys came forward who said they were olive merchants.

"Tell me, O olive merchants," said the boy cadi, "how long can olives that are put up in this manner be kept fresh and fit to eat."

The first boy merchant answered, "O Cadi! it is impossible to preserve them longer than till the third year. They lose their flavor and color and are fit for nothing."

"Taste these olives," said the boy cadi.

The boy merchants pretended to taste. "O Cadi!" they said, "these olives are fresh and of the present year."

"You are mistaken," said the boy cadi. "This man Hassan tells me that they have been in this same jar for seven years."

The boy merchants looked at each other derisively. "It is impossible," they said. "The olives would have shrunken very much, but the jar as you see is quite full. Every olive merchant in Bagdad will tell you, O Cadi, that these olives were grown this year."

The boy Hassan tried now to say something, but the boy cadi bade him hold his tongue.

"Hassan, the case is a plain one, and there is no getting around it," he said. "Thou art a thief, and thou shalt be hanged."

At hearing this judgment, all the boys shouted their pleasure, and the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid joined in their acclamations.

"What do you think of the boy cadi, Jaffar?" he said.

"I am surprised at his wisdom," answered Jaffar.

"Well, he shall judge the cause of the real Ali Cogia," said the caliph. "Bring him to me to-morrow. Bring also the real cadi who acquitted Hassan; he shall learn wisdom from a child. Have also present a couple of olive merchants, and bid Ali Cogia bring his jar of olives."

III

On the morrow Jaffar conducted the young lad to Haroun-al-Raschid. The child was frightened, and trembled.

"Fear not," said the caliph. "I saw and heard thee last night when thou wert playing the cadi. I approve thy judgment."

Then the boy's fear departed, and Ali Cogia and Hassan were brought forward. The caliph called them by name, and each bowed low and touched the ground before the throne with his forehead.

"Now," said the caliph, "you may each plead his cause, and this child will hear and give judgment. If it needs amendment, I will see to it."

So Ali Cogia told his story and made his accusation; and Hassan answered it as before, and offered to take an oath.

"Not so fast," said the boy. "The jar of olives must be examined before any oath is required of you."

Then to Hassan's great surprise the jar was carried in and placed at the feet of the caliph. Ali Cogia opened it.

"Hassan, is this the veritable jar?" asked the boy judge.

"It is," answered Hassan.

The caliph tasted an olive and found it good and fresh. The two olive merchants were called and bidden to examine the olives.

"How old do you pronounce them to be?" asked the boy judge.

"They are of this year's growth," they answered.

"Nay!" said the boy judge. "This man, Hassan, declares that they are the same olives that were left in his charge by Ali Cogia seven years ago."

The merchants shrugged their shoulders and said

that such was utterly impossible. Never could olives be preserved fresh for that length of time.

And now Hassan, pale and trembling, was called to stand before the judgment. He was so confused that he could not say a word in his own defense. The boy judge, after a moment's silence, looked up into the caliph's face and blushed.

"O Prince of the Faithful," said he, "this is no child's play, but a matter of life and death. I can give judgment only in make-believe sport; it is for you to give judgment in earnest."

Then the caliph ascended the throne and solemnly pronounced judgment against the thieving merchant. And Hassan, overcome with shame, confessed his fault and told where he had hidden the thousand pieces of gold. Thereupon they were restored to Ali Cogia; and the caliph embraced the young boy and sent him home with a hundred pieces of gold to his mother.

EXPRESSION: Find the most interesting passage in this selection. Read it, using the proper emphasis, and giving to each sentence its natural inflections.

WORD STUDY: *Bagdad*, a Mohammedan city in Syria, famous in the Middle Ages. Haroun-al-Raschid (*hä rōōn' är rà shēd'*), Aaron the Just, was the caliph or emperor of Bagdad (A.D. 786–809).

Damascus, a very ancient city of Syria. Refer to the dictionary and find the meanings of these words: *caliph, cadi, caravan, pilgrimage, petition, solemnly.*

IF I WERE A BOY AGAIN[1]

If I were a boy again, I would practice perseverance oftener, and never give a thing up because it was hard or inconvenient to do it. If we want light, we must conquer darkness. There is no trait more valuable than a determination to persevere when the right thing is to be accomplished.

If I were a boy again, I would school myself into a habit of attention oftener; I would let nothing come between me and the subject in hand. I would remember that an expert on the ice never tries to skate in two directions at once.

One of our great mistakes, while we are young, is that we do not attend strictly to what we are about just then; we do not bend our energies close enough to what we are doing or learning; we wander into a half interest only, and so never acquire fully what is needful for us to become master of.

If I were to live my life again, I would pay more attention to the cultivation of my memory. I would strengthen that faculty by every possible means and on every possible occasion. It takes a little hard work at first to remember things accurately; but memory soon helps itself, and gives very little trouble. It only needs early cultivation to become a power. Everybody can acquire it.

If I were a boy again, I would know more about

[1] By James T. Fields.

the history of my own country than is usual, I am sorry to say, with young Americans. If the history of any country is worth an earnest study, it is surely the history of our own land; and we cannot begin too early in our lives to master it fully and completely.

If I were a boy again, I would look on the cheerful side of everything; for almost everything has a cheerful side. Life is very much like a mirror; if you smile upon it, it smiles back again on you; but if you frown and look doubtful upon it you will be sure to get a similar look in return.

If I were a boy again, I would school myself to say "No" oftener. I might write pages on the importance of learning very early in life to gain that point when a young man can stand erect, and decline doing an unworthy thing because it is unworthy.

If I were a boy again, I would demand of myself more courtesy toward my companions and friends. Indeed, I would rigorously exact it of myself toward strangers as well. The smallest courtesies interspersed along the rough roads of life are like the little English sparrows, that now sing to us all winter long, and make that season of ice and snow more endurable to everybody.

Instead of trying so hard, as some of us do, to be happy, as if that were the sole purpose of life, I would, if I were a boy again, try still harder to *deserve happiness.*

WILLIAM TELL — A PLAY

[The story of William Tell is familiar to every reader of history or legend. Hundreds of years ago Switzerland was conquered by its powerful neighbor, Austria, and a cruel tyrant named Gessler became her governor. To humiliate and punish the Swiss people, Gessler commanded that every one should kneel before his hat which he caused to be elevated upon a pole in front of his palace or castle. William Tell, a bold mountaineer, refused to obey this command. He was therefore arrested and taken before the governor. His son Albert was also taken, and both were threatened with death.

That which followed is well portrayed in the following extract from the famous drama of "William Tell," written by Sheridan Knowles, an English dramatist, nearly a century ago.]

SCENE I

WILLIAM TELL, ALBERT, *his son, and* GESSLER *with officers.* TELL *in chains.*

Gessler. What is thy name?

Tell. My name?
It matters not to keep it from thee. — Name?
My name is Tell.

Ges. Tell! — William Tell?

Tell. The same.

Ges. What! he so famed 'bove all his countrymen
For guiding o'er the stormy lake the boat?
And such a master of his bow, 'tis said
His arrows never miss! Indeed, I'll take
Exquisite vengeance! Mark! I'll spare thy life —
Thy boy's, too! — both of you are free — on one
Condition.

Tell. Name it.

Ges. I would see you make
A trial of your skill with that same bow
You shoot so well with.

Tell. Name the trial you
Would have me make.

Ges. You look upon your boy
As though instinctively you guessed it.

Tell. Look upon my boy! What mean you?
Look upon
My boy as though I guessed it! Guessed the trial
You'd have me make! Guessed it
Instinctively! you do not mean — no — no —
You would not have me make a trial of
My skill upon my child! Impossible!
I do not guess your meaning.

Ges. I would see
Thee hit an apple at the distance of
A hundred paces.

Tell. Is my boy to hold it?

Ges. No.

Tell. No! I'll send the arrow through the core.

Ges. It is to rest upon his head.

Tell. Great Heaven, you hear him!

Ges. Thou dost hear the choice I give —
Such trial of the skill thou art master of,
Or death to both of you; not otherwise
To be escaped.

Tell. O monster!
Ges. Wilt thou do it?
Albert. He will! he will!
Tell. Ferocious monster! Make
A father murder his own child —
Ges. Take off
His chains, if he consent.
Tell. With his own hand!
Ges. Does he consent?
Alb. He does.

GESSLER *signs to his officers, who proceed to take off* TELL'S *chains.* TELL *all the time unconscious what they do.*

Tell. With his own hand!
Murder his child with his own hand — this hand!
The hand I've led him, when an infant, by!
'Tis beyond horror — 'tis most horrible.
Amazement! [*His chains fall off.*] What's that you've done to me?
Villains! put on my chains again. My hands
Are free from blood, and have no gust for it,
That they should drink my child's! Here! here! I'll not
Murder my boy for Gessler.
Alb. Father — father!
You will not hit me, father!
Tell. Hit thee! Send
The arrow through thy brain; or, missing that,

Shoot out an eye; or, if thine eye escape,
Mangle the cheek I've seen thy mother's lips
Cover with kisses. Hit thee — hit a hair
Of thee, and cleave thy mother's heart.
Ges. Dost thou consent?
Tell. Give me my bow and quiver.
Ges. For what?
Tell. To shoot my boy!
Alb. No, father — no!
To save me! You'll be sure to hit the apple —
Will you not save me, father?
Tell. Lead me forth;
I'll make the trial.
Alb. Thank you!
Tell. Thank me! Do
You know for what? I will not make the trial,
To take him to his mother in my arms
And lay him down a corpse before her!
Ges. Then he dies this moment, — and you certainly
Do murder him whose life you have a chance
To save, and will not use it.
Tell. Well, I'll do it. I'll make the trial.
Alb. Father —
Tell. Speak not to me;
Let me not hear thy voice. Thou must be dumb;
And so should all things be. Earth should be dumb,
And heaven — unless its thunders muttered at
The deed, and sent a bolt to stop it. Give me

My bow and quiver.

Ges. When all's ready.

Tell. Well, lead on!

Scene II

Enter, slowly, people in evident distress. Officers, Verner, Gessler, Tell, Albert, *and soldiers, one bearing* Tell's *bow and quiver, another with a basket of apples.*

Ges. That is your ground. Now shall they measure thence
A hundred paces. Take the distance.

Tell. Is the line a true one?

Ges. True or not, what is't to thee?

Tell. What is't to me? A little thing,
A very little thing — a yard or two
Is nothing here or there — were it a wolf
I shot at. Never mind.

Ges. Be thankful, slave,
Our grace accords thee life on any terms.

Tell. I will be thankful, Gessler. Villain, stop!
You measure to the sun!

Ges. And what of that?
What matter whether to or from the sun?

Tell. I'd have it at my back — the sun should shine
Upon the mark, and not on him that shoots.

I cannot see to shoot against the sun;
I will not shoot against the sun!

Ges. Give him his way. Thou hast cause to bless my mercy.

Tell. I shall remember it. I'd like to see
The apple I'm to shoot at.

Ges. Stay! show me the basket — there —

Tell. You've picked the smallest one.

Ges. I know I have.

Tell. Oh! do you? But you see
The color on't is dark. — I'd have it light,
To see it better.

Ges. Take it as it is;
Thy skill will be the greater if thou hit'st it.

Tell. True — true! I did not think of that — I wonder
I did not think of that. Give me some chance
To save my boy! [*Throws away the apple.*]
I will not murder him,
If I can help it — for the honor of
The form thou wearest, if all the heart is gone.

Ges. Well, choose thyself.

Tell. Have I a friend among the lookers-on?

Verner. [*Rushing forward.*] Here, Tell!

Tell. I thank thee, Verner!
He is a friend runs out into a storm
To shake a hand with us. I must be brief:
When once the bow is bent, we cannot take

The shot too soon. Verner, whatever be
The issue of this hour, the common cause
Must not stand still. Let not to-morrow's sun
Set on the tyrant's banner! Verner! Verner!
The boy! the boy! Thinkest thou he hath the courage
To stand it?

Ver. Yes.

Tell. How looks he?

Ver. Clear and smilingly;
If you doubt it, look yourself.

Tell. No — no — my friend. To hear it is enough.

Ver. He bears himself so much above his years.

Tell. I know! I know!

Ver. With constancy so modest —

Tell. I was sure he would.

Ver. And looks with such relying love
And reverence upon you.

Tell. Man! man! man!
No more. Already I'm too much the father
To act the man. Verner, no more, my friend.
I would be flint — flint — flint. Don't make me feel
I'm not. Do not mind me. Take the boy
And set him, Verner, with his back to me.
Set him upon his knees — and place this apple
Upon his head, so that the stem may front me, —
Thus, Verner; charge him to keep steady — tell him
I'll hit the apple. Verner, do all this
More briefly than I tell it thee.

Ver. Come, Albert. [*Leading him out.*]

Alb. May I not speak with him before I go?

Ver. You must not.

Alb. I must! I cannot go from him without.

Ver. It is his will you should.

Alb. His will, is it?

I am content, then — come.

Tell. My boy! [*Holding out his arms to him.*]

Alb. My father! [*Rushing into* TELL'S *arms.*]

Tell. If thou canst bear it, should not I? Go, now,
My son — and keep in mind that I can shoot —
Go, boy — be thou but steady, I will hit
The apple. Go! God bless thee — go. My bow! —
[*The bow is handed to him.*]
Thou wilt not fail thy master, wilt thou? Thou
Hast never failed him yet, old servant. No,
I'm sure of thee. I know thy honesty.
Thou art stanch — stanch. Let me see my quiver.

Ges. Give him a single arrow.

Tell. Do you shoot?

Soldier. I do.

Tell. Is it so you pick an arrow, friend?
The point, you see, is bent: the feather jagged.
[*Breaks it.*] That's all the use 'tis fit for.

Ges. Let him have another.

Tell. Why, 'tis better than the first,
But yet not good enough for such an aim
As I'm to take — 'tis heavy in the shaft;

I'll not shoot with it! [*Throws it away.*] Let me see
my quiver.
Bring it! 'Tis not one arrow in a dozen
I'd take to shoot with at a dove, much less
A dove like that.

Ges. It matters not. Show him the quiver.

Tell. I'm ready, too! Keep silent for
Heaven's sake and do not stir — and let me have
Your prayers — your prayers — and be my witnesses
That if his life's in peril from my hand,
'Tis only for the chance of saving it. [*To the people.*]

Ges. Go on.

Tell. I will.
O friends, for mercy's sake, keep motionless, and silent.

[TELL *shoots; a shout of exultation bursts from the crowd.* TELL'S *head drops on his bosom; he with difficulty supports himself upon his bow.*]

Ver. [*Rushing in with* ALBERT.] Thy boy is safe, no hair of him is touched.

Alb. Father, I'm safe! Your Albert's safe, dear father, —
Speak to me! Speak to me!

Ver. He cannot, boy.

Alb. You grant him life?

Ges. I do.

Alb. And we are free?

Ges. You are. [*Crossing angrily behind.*]

Ver. Open his vest
And give him air.

[ALBERT *opens his father's vest and an arrow drops.* TELL *starts, fixes his eye upon* ALBERT, *and clasps him to his breast.*]

Tell. My boy! my boy!

Ges. For what
Hid you that arrow in your breast? Speak, slave!

Tell. To kill thee, tyrant, had I slain my boy!

COLUMBUS [1]

TO BE MEMORIZED

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind, the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores;
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said, "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Adm'r'l, speak; what shall I say?"
"Why, say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"

[1] By Joaquin Miller, an American poet (1841–1913).

"Why, you shall say at break of day:
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Adm'r'l; speak and say —"
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth as if to bite!
Brave Adm'r'l, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leaped like a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck —
A light! a light! a light! a light!
It grew, a starlight flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

THE STORY OF IMOGEN[1]

I. In the Forest

Imogen, the daughter of Cymbeline, king of Britain, had been overtaken by misfortune. In her grief and despondency she disguised herself as a page and wandered alone far into the forest. By chance she came at length to a cave wherein dwelt old Belarius and with him her own brothers, Polydore and Cadwal, who had been stolen from their father in their infancy.

She told them that her name was Fidele, and that she had lost her way while trying to reach Milford-Haven, where she expected to meet a kinsman who was about to embark for Italy.

The wild forest youths, now grown to manhood's stature, welcomed her to their rude home. "Stay awhile with us, fair sir," they said. "Stay till you have rested from the fatigue of your long journey, and then we will help you forward on your way."

She gladly accepted their invitation; but the longer she remained with them, the more attached they became to her and she to them.

"How angel-like he sings!" said Polydore.

"But his neat cookery," said Cadwal. "He sauced our broth as though Juno had been sick and he her dieter."

Then there came a day when Belarius and the brothers

[1] Retold from Shakespeare's tragedy of "Cymbeline."

The Brothers find Imogen in the Forest.

must go hunting, for their stock of venison was low. But Imogen was ill and could not go with them.

"Farewell! We'll not be long away," they said.

"Well or ill, I am bound to you. Farewell!" she answered.

But being left alone, her illness grew more severe. Then she remembered a cordial which had been given her by a friend — a cordial warranted to ease all pain. It was in a vial hidden in her secret pocket; she would try its virtues.

Now the person from whom she had received the cordial did not know its nature, else he would not have given it to her. It caused her to fall into a sound sleep, so deathlike that to all appearances her life had departed from her. When Belarius and the brothers returned from hunting, they found her lying, as they supposed, lifeless on the ground.

They carried her to a shady nook, deep in the forest, and with great sadness in their hearts covered her body with leaves and flowers.

"While summer lasts and I live here," said Polydore, "I'll sweeten thy sad grave with flowers. Thou shalt not lack the flower that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor the azured harebell, like thy veins; no, nor the leaf of eglantine, which, not to slander, out-sweetened not thy breath. All these will I strew over thee."

And then the brothers sang a dirge and repose to the spirit of their unknown guest: —

II. The Dirge [1]

Fear no more the heat o' th' sun,
  Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
  Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' th' great,
  Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
  To thee the reed is as the oak.
The scepter, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash,
  Nor th' all-dreaded thunder stone;
Fear no slander, censure rash;
  Thou hast finished joy and moan.
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renownèd be thy grave!

[1] By William Shakespeare (1564–1616).

III. Dirge in Cymbeline [1]

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
  Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
  And rifle all the blooming spring.
No wailing ghost shall dare appear,
  To vex with shrieks this quiet grove,
But shepherd lads assemble here,
  And melting virgins own their love.

No withered witch shall here be seen,
  No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
  And dress thy grave with pearly dew.
The red-breast oft at evening hours
  Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss and gathered flowers,
  To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain,
  In tempests shake thy sylvan cell,
Or, midst the chase on every plain,
  The tender thought on thee shall dwell,
Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
  For thee the tear be duly shed —
Beloved till life can charm no more,
  And mourned till Pity's self be dead.

[1] A variation by William Collins (1721–1759).

THE CRUSADER AND THE SARACEN [1]

The burning sun of Syria had not yet attained its highest point in the horizon when a Knight of the Red Cross, who had joined the host of the crusaders in Palestine, was pacing slowly along the sandy deserts which lie in the vicinity of the Dead Sea.

The dress of the rider and the accouterments of his horse were peculiarly unfit for the traveler in such a country. A coat of linked mail, with long sleeves, plated gantlets, and a steel breastplate had not been esteemed a sufficient weight of armor; there was, also, his triangular shield suspended round his neck, and his barred helmet of steel, over which he had a hood and collar of mail, which was drawn around the warrior's shoulders and throat, and filled up the vacancy between the hauberk and the headpiece. His lower limbs were sheathed, like his body, in flexible mail, securing the legs and thighs, while the feet rested in plated shoes, which corresponded with the gantlets.

A long, broad, straight-shaped, double-edged falchion, with a handle formed like a cross, corresponded with a stout poniard on the other side. The knight also bore, secured to his saddle, with one end resting on his stirrup, the long steel-headed lance, his own proper weapon, which, as he rode, projected backwards, and displayed its little pennoncel, to dally with the

[1] From "The Talisman," by Sir Walter Scott.

faint breeze, or drop in the dead calm. To this cumbrous equipment must be added a surcoat of embroidered cloth, much frayed and worn.

The surcoat bore, in several places, the arms of the owner, although much defaced. These seemed to be a couchant leopard, with the motto, "*I sleep — wake me not.*" An outline of the same device might be traced on his shield, though many a blow had almost effaced the painting.

The accouterments of the horse were scarcely less massive and unwieldy than those of the rider. The animal had a heavy saddle plated with steel, uniting in front with a species of breastplate, and behind with defensive armor made to cover the loins.

Then there was a steel ax, or hammer, called a mace of arms, and which hung to the saddle bow; the reins were secured by chain work, and the front-stall of the bridle was a steel plate, with apertures for the eyes and nostrils, having in the midst a short, sharp pike, projecting from the forehead of the horse like the horn of the fabulous unicorn.

Nature had her demands for refreshment and repose even on the iron frame and patient disposition of the Knight of the Sleeping Leopard; and at noon, when the Dead Sea lay at some distance on his right, he joyfully hailed the sight of two or three palm trees, which arose beside the well which was assigned for his midday station. His good horse expanded his nostrils

and quickened his pace, as if he snuffed afar off the living waters, which marked the place of repose and refreshment. But labor and danger were doomed to intervene ere the horse or horseman reached the desired spot.

As the Knight of the Couchant Leopard continued to fix his eyes attentively on the yet distant cluster of palm trees, it seemed to him as if some object was moving among them. The distant form separated itself from the trees, which partly hid its motions, and advanced towards the knight with a speed which soon showed a mounted horseman, whom his turban, long spear, and green caftan floating in the wind, on his nearer approach, showed to be a Saracen cavalier.

The crusader disengaged his lance from his saddle, seized it with the right hand, placed it in rest with its point half elevated, gathered up the reins in the left, waked his horse's mettle with the spur, and prepared to encounter the stranger with the calm self-confidence belonging to the victor in many contests.

The Saracen came on at the speedy gallop of an Arab horseman, managing his steed more by his limbs and the inflection of his body than by any use of the reins which hung loose in his left hand. His own long spear was not couched or leveled like that of his antagonist, but grasped by the middle with his right hand, and brandished at arm's length above his head. As the cavalier approached his enemy at full career, he

seemed to expect that the Knight of the Leopard would put his horse to the gallop to encounter him.

But the Christian knight, well acquainted with the customs of Eastern warriors, did not mean to exhaust his good horse by any unnecessary exertion; and, on the contrary, made a dead halt, confident that if the enemy advanced to the actual shock, his own weight, and that of his powerful charger, would give him sufficient advantage, without the additional momentum of rapid motion.

Equally sensible and apprehensive of such a probable result, the Saracen cavalier, when he had approached towards the Christian within twice the length of his lance, wheeled his steed to the left with inimitable dexterity, and rode twice around his antagonist, who, turning without quitting his ground, and presenting his front constantly to his enemy, frustrated his attempts to attack him on an unguarded point; so that the Saracen, wheeling his horse, was fain to retreat to the distance of a hundred yards. A second time, like a hawk attacking a heron, the heathen renewed the charge, and a second time was fain to retreat without coming to a close struggle. A third time he approached in the same manner, when the Christian knight, desirous to terminate this illusory warfare, suddenly seized the mace which hung at his saddle bow, and, with a strong hand and unerring aim, hurled it against the head of the emir; for such, and not less, his enemy appeared.

The Saracen was just aware of the formidable missile in time to interpose his light buckler betwixt the mace and his head; but the violence of the blow forced the buckler down on his turban, and though that defense also contributed to deaden its violence, the Saracen was beaten from his horse. Ere the Christian could avail himself of this mishap, his nimble foeman sprang from the ground, and, calling on his steed, which instantly returned to his side, he leaped into his seat, and regained all the advantage of which the Knight of the Leopard had hoped to deprive him.

But the latter had in the meanwhile recovered his mace, and the Eastern cavalier, who remembered the strength and dexterity with which his antagonist had aimed it, seemed to keep cautiously out of reach of that weapon, of which he had so lately felt the force; while he showed his purpose of waging a distant warfare with missile weapons of his own. Planting his long spear in the sand at a distance from the scene of combat, he strung with great address a short bow, which he carried at his back, and, putting his horse to the gallop, once more described two or three circles, of a wider extent than formerly, in the course of which he discharged six arrows at the Christian with such unerring skill that the goodness of his harness alone saved him from being wounded in as many places. The seventh shaft apparently found a less perfect part of the armor, and the Christian dropped heavily from his horse.

But what was the surprise of the Saracen, when, dismounting to examine the condition of his prostrate enemy, he found himself suddenly within the grasp of the European, who had had recourse to this artifice to bring his enemy within his reach! Even in this deadly grapple, the Saracen was saved by his agility and presence of mind. He unloosed the sword belt, in which the Knight of the Leopard had fixed his hold, and thus eluding his fatal grasp, mounted his horse, which seemed to watch his motions with the intelligence of a human being, and again rode off.

But in the last encounter the Saracen had lost his sword and his quiver of arrows, both of which were attached to the girdle which he was obliged to abandon. He had also lost his turban in the struggle. These disadvantages seemed to incline the Moslem to a truce: he approached the Christian with his right hand extended, but no longer in a menacing attitude.

"There is truce betwixt our nations," he said, in the *lingua franca* commonly used for the purpose of communication with the crusaders; "wherefore should there be war betwixt thee and me? Let there be peace betwixt us."

"I am well contented," answered he of the Couchant Leopard; "but what security dost thou offer that thou wilt observe the truce?"

"The word of a follower of the Prophet was never broken," answered the emir. "It is thou, brave

Nazarene, from whom I should demand security, did I not know that treason seldom dwells with courage."

The crusader felt that the confidence of the Moslem made him ashamed of his own doubts.

"By the cross of my sword," he said, laying his hand on the weapon as he spoke, "I will be true companion to thee, Saracen, while our fortune wills that we remain in company together."

"By Mohammed, Prophet of God," replied his late foeman, "there is not treachery in my heart towards thee. And now wend we to yonder fountain, for the hour of rest is at hand, and the stream had hardly touched my lip when I was called to battle by thy approach."

The Knight of the Couchant Leopard yielded a ready and courteous assent; and the late foes, without an angry look or gesture of doubt, rode side by side to the little cluster of palm trees.

NOTES: The time of this story is that of King Richard I., of England, A.D. 1189–1199.

Learn all that you can about the Crusades. Talk with your teacher about them.

Find Syria and the Dead Sea on your maps.

Refer to the dictionary for the pronunciation and meaning of, *Crusader, Saracen, hauberk, pennoncel, surcoat, accouterments, falchion, poniard, couchant, turban, caftan, cavalier, emir, lingua franca, Nazarene, Mohammed.*

Learn all that you can about the author of this selection.

SOME INTERESTING LETTERS

Abigail Adams to her Husband, John Adams

[The home of John Adams, who afterwards became the second president of the United States, was at Braintree, a few miles from Boston. In the morning of June 17, 1775, three thousand well-armed British troops who were then quartered in Boston crossed the Charles River and attacked the Americans who were fortifying a hill near Charlestown. A terrible battle followed — the battle known in history as that of Bunker Hill. On the next day Mrs. Adams wrote the following letter to her husband, then absent from home, giving her impressions of the conflict.]

Abigail Adams

Braintree, June 18, 1775.

My dearest Friend:

The day, — perhaps the decisive day is come, on which the fate of America depends. My bursting heart must find vent at my pen.

I have just heard that our dear friend, Dr. Warren, is no more, but fell gloriously fighting for his country, saying, "Better to die honorably in the field than ignominiously hang upon the gallows." Great is our loss. He has distinguished himself in every engagement by his courage and fortitude, by animating the soldiers, and leading them on by his own example. A particular account of these dreadful but, I hope, glorious

days, will be transmitted you, no doubt in the exactest manner.

"The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; but the God of Israel is He that giveth strength and power unto his people. Trust in Him at all times, ye people: pour out your hearts before Him; God is a refuge for us." Charlestown is laid in ashes. The battle began upon our intrenchments upon Bunker's Hill, Saturday morning about three o'clock, and has not ceased yet, and it is now three o'clock Sabbath afternoon.

It is expected they will come out over the Neck to-night, and a dreadful battle must ensue. Almighty God, cover the heads of our countrymen, and be a shield to our dear friends! How many have fallen, we know not. The constant roar of the cannon is so distressing that we cannot eat, drink, or sleep. May we be supported and sustained in the dreadful conflict!

I shall tarry here till it is thought unsafe by my friends, and then I have secured myself a retreat at your brother's, who has kindly offered me part of his house. I cannot compose myself to write any further at present. I will add more as I hear further.

Your

PORTIA.

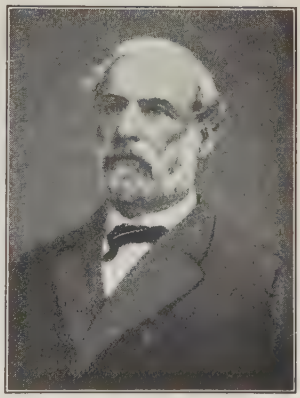
NOTE: By referring to your histories, learn still more about the battle of Bunker Hill.

General Robert E. Lee, to his Daughter

[Robert Edward Lee of Virginia had not yet become famous when he wrote the following letter to his daughter Annie. He was at that time the superintendent of the United States Military Academy at West Point, from which institution he had been graduated when a young man. His affectionate nature, his love for the good and the true, and the rare nobility of his character are well illustrated in this and other letters written to his family and friends.]

West Point, Feb. 25, 1853.

My Precious Annie:



Robert E. Lee.

I take advantage of your gracious permission to write to you. . . . My limited time does not diminish my affection for you, Annie, nor prevent my thinking of you and wishing for you. I long to see you through the dilatory nights. At dawn when I rise, and all day, my thoughts revert to you in expressions that you cannot hear nor I repeat.

I hope that you will always appear to me as you are now painted on my heart, and that you will endeavor to improve and so conduct yourself as to make you happy and me joyful all our lives. Diligent and earnest attention to *all* your duties can only accomplish this.

I am told you are growing very tall, and I hope very straight. I do not know what the Cadets will say if

their superintendent's children do not practice what he demands of them. They will naturally say he had better attend to his own, before he corrects other people's children, and as he permits his to stoop, it is hard if he will not allow them.

You and Agnes must not, therefore, bring me into discredit with my young friends, or give them reason to think that I require more of them than of my own children.

I presume your mother has told all about us, our neighbors, and our affairs. And indeed she may have done that and not said much either, so far as I know. But we are all well and have much to be grateful for.

To-morrow we anticipate the pleasure of your brother's company, which is always a source of pleasure to us. It is the only time we see him, except when the Corps come under my view at some of their exercises, when my eye is sure to distinguish him among his comrades and follow him over the plain.

Give much love to your dear grandmother, grandfather, Agnes, Miss Sue, Lucretia, and all friends, including the servants. Write sometimes, and think always of your

Affectionate father,

R. E. LEE.

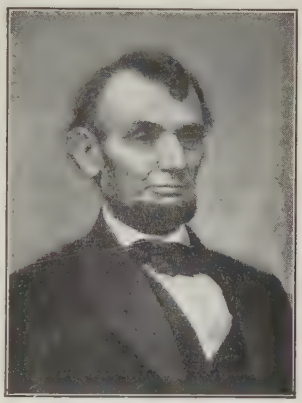
NOTE: Refer to your histories and learn all that you can about General Lee Why do people esteem his memory so highly?

Abraham Lincoln to a Bereaved Mother

Nov. 21, 1864.

Mrs. Bixby,
Boston, Mass.

Dear Madam:



Abraham Lincoln.

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts, that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save.

I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

Abraham Lincoln.

Note: What strong trait in Lincoln's character is illustrated by this story?

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX[1]

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear.
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church steeple we heard the half chime,
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

By Robert Browning.

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence, — ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master askance!
And the thick, heavy spume flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix" — for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So, we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;

Till over by Dalhem a dome spire sprang white,
And "Gallop!" gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight."

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is — friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

EXPRESSION: Look at a good map of Europe, and find Ghent and Aix (or, as it is now called, Aachen). From the scale of miles on the map, find the distance between the two cities. Trace the route of the three riders, and name some of the places through which they passed. Now imagine yourself one of the riders, and read the poem with spirit and feeling. Memorize it, and speak it as though you were relating your own experiences.

WOOD NYMPHS AND DRYADS

I. A WALK IN ARCADIA

A very long time ago two Greek boys were one day strolling in the woods of Arcadia. It matters not what their names were, but let us suppose that one was called Cleon and the other Alpheus. They walked leisurely along beneath great oaks and spreading chestnuts and through groves where arbutus bloomed and bees sucked honey from thousands of flowers. Their eyes were open to see and enjoy every beautiful sight, and their ears were attentive to every pleasant sound. They were studying nature, but studying it in a way quite unlike the methods of the schools.

"What is that?" asked Cleon, as the song of some unknown bird broke the stillness of the woods.

They stopped to listen. The sound seemed to come from among the leafy shadows of a tall old oak; but the songster was so well hidden in its bower that they could not see it.

"It must be the dryad, or nymph, whose home is in that tree," said Alpheus; "for no common creature can make such rare music. Don't you wish we could see the sprite herself, warbling her joyous song?"

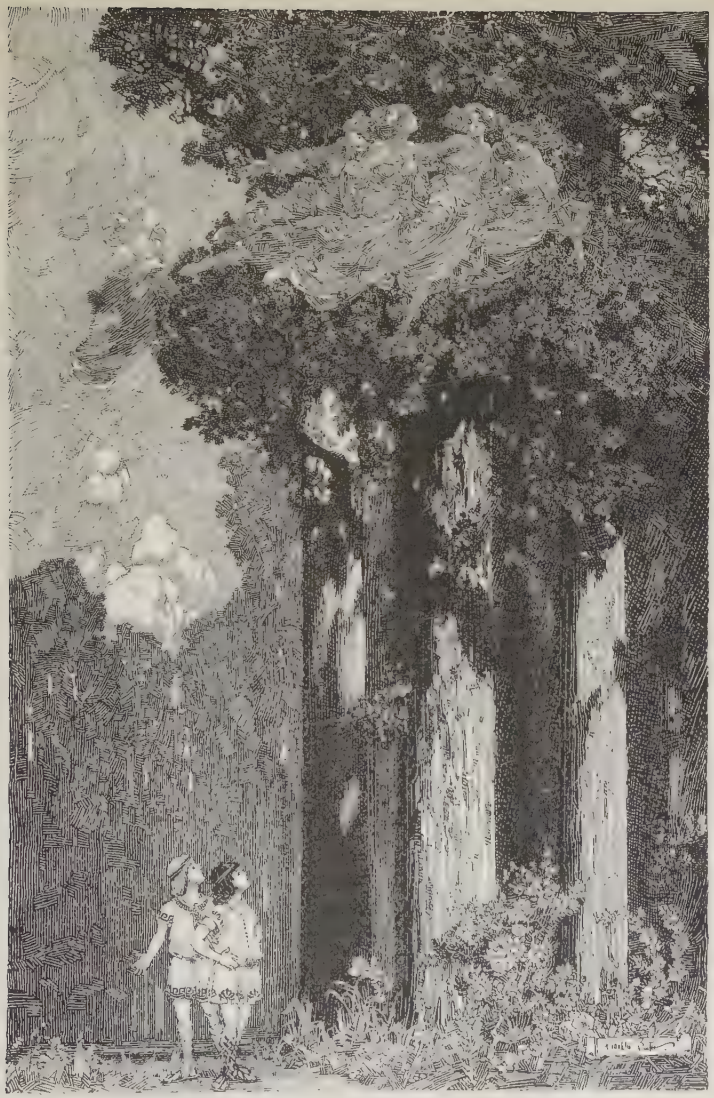
"People say that they often make themselves visible," replied Cleon. "They appear sometimes as birds, but most often as beautiful ladies with long golden hair falling over their shoulders."

"How pleasant it is," said Alpheus, "to think that there is a nymph, or dryad, in every tree around us, and that while we cannot see them, they are all looking at us, kindly but half afraid!"

"The dryad of this oak must be very old," said Cleon, measuring the huge trunk with his eye. "She was born when the tree first sprang from a tiny acorn, and she has lived with it and been its guardian ever since. Five hundred years is not longer than the measure of her life; and what wonderful and beautiful things she must have seen while dwelling here so long!"

"I should not like to be a wood nymph," said Alpheus. "It is dreadful to think of staying always in the same place; and then when the tree dies, the nymph must die with it."

"It might be dreadful to you," answered Cleon; "but the nymphs themselves are always happy. And who knows that they do not often take the form of birds or of bees, and fly hither and thither as their own sweet wills persuade them?"



A Walk in Arcadia.

By now the song of the bird had ceased, and the boys, after vainly seeking to discover the dryad of the oak, walked onward through the woods. Peering into a dense thicket, where the shadows of thorns and twining vines mingled strangely with the struggling sunbeams, they started quickly back as though alarmed.

"Was not that a satyr gliding through the bushes?" whispered Cleon. "I fancied that I saw his pointed ears and his goatlike horns and his bristly body as he moved swiftly away."

"What I saw," said Alpheus, "was quite different. I saw no satyr, but the nymphs of the viny thicket, waving their long arms and dancing softly in the quiet shade."

Just then a breeze stirred the branches over their heads and set every leaf to quivering, while a gentle murmur passed through the rustling tree tops. The boys listened in awe, for they fancied that the nymphs and dryads of the wood were whispering among themselves and telling one another the news of the day.

As they walked onward, they saw a bee flying homeward with its yellow load of pollen. They paused to watch its course, and wondered whether it were not some spirit of the wood hastening to the shelter of its own protecting tree.

Down by the brook where the sunlight flashed in the eddies they pleased themselves by imagining that they saw a fair creature with golden hair and flowing white

robes dancing among the willows. But when they drew nearer, they found only a few fickle butterflies, flitting from leaf to leaf in the yellow sunlight.

Then they heard the sound of an ax, and following it they came to where a sturdy woodman was chopping down an elm.

"Do you not hear the poor nymph cry out at every stroke of the ax?" asked Cleon, as he pleaded with the woodman to spare the tree.

Farther on, they found an old plum tree, with gnarled and thorny branches, which the wind had broken and partly uprooted.

"See how the old tree lifts up its hands to us as though asking help," said Alpheus. "Let us prop it up and give it a new chance to grow and bear fruit."

"Yes," responded Cleon, "let us help it to live, and by so doing we shall prolong the life of the gentle creature that dwells with it as its guardian."

Thus these two lads of long ago, as they strolled through the woods, saw many strange and awe-inspiring sights, which to us are invisible and to our modern minds unbelievable.

We look at the myriad forms of nature with the cold eye of science; but these youths viewed them with the poet's sweet and wondering vision. We analyze and measure and reckon the value in dollars and cents; but

they saw in everything a kindred spirit, beautiful or fearful, and worthy of profoundest reverence. Such poetic imaginings gave rise in primitive Greece to a variety of myths and fables that point unerringly "to the hidden springs of truth."

May not we, in this prosaic age, learn wisdom from the childlike simplicity of other times, when the woods, the brooks, the sea, the earth, were supposed to be peopled with intangible and impossible forms? This is the question which seems to have impressed James Russell Lowell, when, at the age of twenty-four, he composed the now well-known poem entitled "Rhœcus." The story which he tells, while founded upon the pleasing fancy of the tree-inhabiting dryad, is not derived directly from any ancient myth. The name of Rhœcus appears only twice in classical Greek narratives: first, as that of a Centaur who was killed by an arrow from Atalanta's bow; second, as that of an architect of Samos who flourished about 640 B.C. The young man Rhœcus of this fable, therefore, had evidently no existence save in the poet's imagination.

Of the truths to which the story points there are at least two which are easily discerned: the duty of kindness to all created things, and the hopelessness of recovering lost opportunities. Perhaps as you read you may discover between the lines some other valuable teachings or some other "earnest parables of inward lore."

II. Rhœcus

God sends his teachers unto every age,
To every clime and every race of men,
With revelations fitted to their growth
And shape of mind, nor gives the realm of Truth
Into the selfish rule of one sole race:
Therefore each form of worship that hath swayed
The life of man, and given it to grasp
The master key of knowledge, reverence,
Infolds some germs of goodness and of right;
Else never had the eager soul, which loathes
The slothful down of pampered ignorance,
Found in it even a moment's fitful rest.

There is an instinct in the human heart
Which makes that all the fables it hath coined,
To justify the reign of its belief
And strengthen it by beauty's right divine,
Veil in their inner cells a mystic gift,
Which, like the hazel twig, in faithful hands,
Points surely to the hidden springs of truth.
For, as in Nature naught is made in vain,
But all things have within their hull of use
A wisdom and a meaning which may speak
Of spiritual secrets to the ear
Of spirit; so, in whatsoe'er the heart
Hath fashioned for a solace to itself,
To make its inspirations suit its creed,

And from the niggard hands of falsehood wring
Its needful food of truth, there ever is
A sympathy with Nature, which reveals,
Not less than her own works, pure gleams of light
And earnest parables of inward lore.
Hear now this fairy legend of old Greece,
As full of gracious youth and beauty still
As the immortal freshness of that grace
Carved for all ages on some Attic frieze.
A youth named Rhœcus, wandering in the wood,
Saw an old oak just trembling to its fall,
And, feeling pity of so fair a tree,
He propped its gray trunk with admiring care,
And with a thoughtless footstep loitered on.
But, as he turned, he heard a voice behind
That murmured "Rhœcus!" 'Twas as if the leaves,
Stirred by a passing breath, had murmured it,
And while he paused bewildered, yet again
It murmured "Rhœcus!" softer than a breeze.
He started and beheld with dizzy eyes
What seemed the substance of a happy dream
Stand there before him, spreading a warm glow
Within the green glooms of the shadowy oak.
It seemed a woman's shape, yet far too fair
To be a woman, and with eyes too meek
For any that were wont to mate with gods.
All naked like a goddess stood she there,
And like a goddess all too beautiful

To feel the guilt-born earthliness of shame.
"Rhœcus, I am the Dryad of this tree,"
Thus she began, dropping her low-toned words
Serene, and full, and clear, as drops of dew,
"And with it I am doomed to live and die;
The rain and sunshine are my caterers,
Nor have I other bliss than simple life;
Now ask me what thou wilt that I can give,
And with a thankful joy it shall be thine."

Then Rhœcus, with a flutter at the heart,
Yet by the prompting of such beauty bold,
Answered: "What is there that can satisfy
The endless craving of the soul but love?
Give me thy love, or but the hope of that
Which must be evermore my nature's goal."
After a little pause she said again,
But with a glimpse of sadness in her tone,
"I give it, Rhœcus, though a perilous gift;
An hour before the sunset meet me here."
And straightway there was nothing he could see
But the green glooms beneath the shadowy oak,
And not a sound came to his straining ears
But the low trickling rustle of the leaves,
And far away upon an emerald slope
The falter of an idle shepherd's pipe.

Now, in those days of simpleness and faith,
Men did not think that happy things were dreams

Because they overstepped the narrow bourn
Of likelihood, but reverently deemed
Nothing too wondrous or too beautiful
To be the guerdon of a daring heart.
So Rhœcus made no doubt that he was blest,
And all along unto the city's gate
Earth seemed to spring beneath him as he walked,
The clear, broad sky looked bluer than its wont,
And he could scarce believe he had not wings,
Such sunshine seemed to glitter through his veins
Instead of blood, so light he felt and strange.

Young Rhœcus had a faithful heart enough,
But one that in the present dwelt too much,
And, taking with blithe welcome whatsoe'er
Chance gave of joy, was wholly bound in that,
Like the contented peasant of a vale
Deemed it the world and never looked beyond.
So, haply meeting in the afternoon
Some comrades who were playing at the dice,
He joined them, and forgot all else besides.

The dice were rattling at the merriest,
And Rhœcus, who had met but sorry luck,
Just laughed in triumph at a happy throw.
When through the room there hummed a yellow bee
That buzzed about his ear with down-dropped legs
As if to light. And Rhœcus laughed and said,
Feeling how red and flushed he was with loss,

"By Venus! does he take me for a rose?"
And brushed him off with rough, impatient hand.
But still the bee came back, and thrice again
Rhœcus did beat him off with growing wrath.
Then through the window flew the wounded bee,
And Rhœcus, tracking him with angry eyes,
Saw a sharp mountain peak of Thessaly
Against the red disk of the setting sun, —
And instantly the blood sank from his heart,
As if its very walls had caved away.
Without a word he turned and, rushing forth,
Ran madly through the city and the gate,
And o'er the plain, which now the wood's long shade,
By the low sun thrown forward broad and dim,
Darkened well-nigh unto the city's wall.
Quite spent and out of breath he reached the tree,
And, listening tearfully, he heard once more
The low voice murmur "Rhœcus!" close at hand;
Whereat he looked around him, but could see
Naught but the deepening glooms beneath the oak.
Then sighed the voice: "O Rhœcus! nevermore
Shalt thou behold me or by day or night,
Me, who would fain have blessed thee with a love
More ripe and bounteous than ever yet
Filled up with nectar any mortal heart;
But thou didst scorn my humble messenger,
And sent'st him back to me with bruised wings.
We spirits only show to gentle eyes,

We ever ask an undivided love,
And he who scorns the least of Nature's works
Is thenceforth exiled and shut out from all.
Farewell! for thou canst never see me more."
Then Rhœcus beat his breast and groaned aloud,
And cried, "Be pitiful! forgive me yet
This once, and I shall never need it more!"
"Alas!" the voice returned, "'tis thou art blind,
Not I unmerciful; I can forgive,
But have no skill to heal thy spirit's eyes;
Only the soul hath power o'er itself."
With that again there murmured "Nevermore!"
And Rhœcus after heard no other sound
Except the rattling of the oak's crisp leaves,
Like the long surf upon a distant shore
Raking the sea-worn pebbles up and down.
The night had gathered round him; o'er the plain
The city sparkled with its thousand lights,
And sounds of revel fell upon his ear
Harshly and like a curse; above, the sky,
With all its bright sublimity of stars,
Deepened, and on his forehead smote the breeze;
Beauty was all around him and delight,
But from that eve he was alone on earth.

Word Study: *Rhœcus* (*rē'kus*), *Centaur, Atalanta, Samos, Thessaly, Attic; dryad, frieze, nectar, parable.*

A WONDERFUL BOOK[1]

A book of some description had been brought for me — a present by no means calculated to interest me. What cared I for books? I had already many into which I never looked; and what was there in this particular book, whose very title I did not know, calculated to attract me more than the rest? Yet something within told me that my fate was connected with the book which had been last brought; so, after looking on the packet from my corner for a considerable time, I got up and went to the table.

The packet was lying where it had been left. I took it up and undid it. It contained three books. Two of them were handsomely bound and seemed parts of the same work. I opened them, one after the other, but their contents were not interesting. "Whoever wants these books may have them," I said to myself.

I took up the third book. It was not like the others; it was longer and thicker, and its binding was of dingy calfskin. I opened it, and as I did so, a thrill of pleasure shot through my frame. The first object upon which my eyes rested was a picture. It was a strange picture, and the scene made a vivid impression upon me.

A wild scene it was — a heavy sea and rocky shore, with mountains in the background, above which the

[1] From "Lavengro" by George Borrow, an English writer (1803–1881).

moon was peering. Not far from the shore, upon the water, was a boat with two figures in it. One of these stood at the bow, pointing with what I knew to be a gun at a dreadful shape in the water. Fire was flashing from the muzzle of the gun, and the monster appeared to be transfixed. I almost thought I heard its cry.

I remained motionless, gazing upon the picture, scarcely daring to draw my breath lest the new and wondrous world, of which I now had a glimpse, should vanish. "Who are those people, and what could have brought them into that strange situation?" I asked.

After looking at this picture till every mark and line in it were familiar to me, I turned over the leaves till I came upon another. Here was a new source of wonder — a long, sandy beach on which the furious sea was breaking; cloud and rack were overhead; gulls and other water birds were toppling upon the blast or skimming over the waves — "Mercy upon him! he will be drowned!" I cried, as my eyes fell upon a poor fellow who appeared to be trying to reach the shore. "He will be drowned! he will be drowned!" I almost shrieked, and dropped the book.

I soon snatched it up again, and now my eye lighted on a third picture — again a shore, but what a sweet and lovely one, and how I wished to be treading it! There were beautiful shells lying on the white sand, some empty and some with the heads and eyes of wondrous crayfish peering out. A wood of thick,

green trees skirted the beach and partly shaded it from the rays of the sun which shone hot above, while blue waves crested with foam were gently curling against it.

There was a human figure upon the beach, wild and uncouth, and clad in the skins of animals. A huge cap was on his head, a hatchet was in his girdle, and in his hand he held a gun. His feet and legs were bare. He stood in an attitude of horror and surprise. His body was bent far back, and his eyes were fixed upon a mark in the sand, — a large, distinct mark, — a human foot-print!

Reader, is it necessary to name the book which now stood open in my hand, and which had produced within me emotions so strange and novel?

Scarcely — for it was a book that has exerted an influence greater than any other of modern times. It was the book from which the most luxuriant and fertile of our modern prose writers have drunk inspiration. It was the book to which, from the hardy deeds it narrates, England owes many of her astonishing discoveries by sea and land, and no small part of her naval glory. It was the story of Robinson Crusoe.

Hail to thee, spirit of Defoe! What do not I, myself, owe to thee? England has better bards than either Greece or Rome, yet I could spare them easier by far than Defoe.

The true chord had now been touched. A raging curiosity as to the contents of the volume burned

within me; and I never rested until I had satisfied it. Weeks succeeded weeks, months followed months, and the wondrous volume was my only study and my chief amusement. For hours together, I would sit poring over a page till I had become acquainted with the meaning of every line. My progress became by degrees more rapid, till at last, under a "shoulder of mutton sail," I found myself flying before a steady breeze over an ocean of enchantment. I was so well pleased with my voyage that I cared not how long it might be before I reached its end.

It was in this manner that I first took to the paths of knowledge.

Expression: Read the selection silently. Did you guess the name of the book before the writer mentioned it? If so, tell the reasons which led you to do so.

Now study the selection, paragraph by paragraph, and make a note of the topic to which each relates. By writing these notes, make a plan or outline of the selection as a whole.

Name some book that has seemed a "wondrous volume" to you. Why has it seemed so? Write a description of your favorite book; (1) the title; (2) the author; (3) its leading purpose; (4) the qualities which make it attractive to you.

Now reread the present selection. Read the description of the first picture; of the second; of the third. Try to make these descriptions real both to yourself and to your hearers.

Bring a copy of "Robinson Crusoe" to the class. Read aloud the passages that are illustrated by the pictures mentioned in this selection.

THE TEMPEST[1]

I

There was a certain island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man, whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young that she had no memory of having seen any other human face than her father's.

They lived in a cave or cell, made out of a rock; it was divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study; there he kept his books, which chiefly treated of magic, a study at that time much affected by all learned men; and the knowledge of this art he found very useful to him; for being thrown by a strange chance upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax, who died there a short time before his arrival, Prospero, by virtue of his art, released many good spirits that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of large trees, because they had refused to execute her wicked commands. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to the will of Prospero. Of these Ariel was the chief.

The lively little sprite Ariel had nothing mischievous in his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure in tormenting an ugly monster called Caliban, for he owed him a grudge because he was the son of his old

[1] Retold from William Shakespeare, by Charles and Mary Lamb.

enemy, Sycorax. This Caliban, Prospero found in the woods, a strange, misshapen thing far less human in form than an ape; he took him home to his cell, and taught him to speak; and Prospero would have been very kind to him, but the bad nature which Caliban inherited from his mother, Sycorax, would not let him learn anything good or useful; therefore he was employed like a slave, to fetch wood, and do the most laborious offices; and Ariel had the charge of compelling him to these services.

When Caliban was lazy and neglected his work, Ariel (who was invisible to all eyes but Prospero's) would come slyly and pinch him, and sometimes tumble him down in the mire; and then Ariel, in the likeness of an ape, would make mouths at him. Then, swiftly changing his shape, in the likeness of a hedgehog, he would lie tumbling in Caliban's way, who feared the hedgehog's sharp quills would prick his bare feet. With a variety of suchlike vexatious tricks Ariel would often torment him, whenever Caliban neglected the work which Prospero commanded him to do.

Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could by their means command the winds and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm, in the midst of which, and struggling with the wild sea waves that every moment threatened to swallow it up, he showed his daughter a fine large ship, which he told her was full of living beings like them-

selves. "Oh, my dear father," said she, "if by your art you have raised this dreadful storm, have pity on their sad distress. See! the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls! they will all perish. If I had power, I would sink the sea beneath the earth, rather than the good ship should be destroyed, with all the precious souls within her."

"Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda," said Prospero; "there is no harm done. I have so ordered it that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of you, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are, or where you came from, and you know no more of me, but that I am your father, and live in this poor cave. Can you remember a time before you came to this cell? I think you cannot, for you were not then three years of age."

"Certainly I can, sir," replied Miranda.

"By what?" asked Prospero; "by any other house or person? Tell me what you can remember, my child."

Miranda said: "It seems to me like the recollection of a dream. But had I not once four or five women who attended upon me?"

Prospero answered, "You had, and more. How is it that this still lives in your mind? Do you remember how you came here?"

"No, sir," said Miranda; "I remember nothing more."

"Twelve years ago, Miranda," continued Prospero,

"I was duke of Milan, and you were a princess, and my only heir. I had a younger brother, whose name was Antonio, to whom I trusted everything; and as I was fond of retirement and deep study, I commonly left the management of my state affairs to your uncle, my false brother (for so indeed he proved). I, neglecting all worldly ends, buried among my books, did dedicate my whole time to the bettering of my mind. My brother Antonio being thus in possession of my power, began to think himself the duke indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subjects awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition to deprive me of my dukedom; this he soon effected with the aid of the king of Naples, a powerful prince who was my enemy."

"Wherefore," said Miranda, "did they not that hour destroy us?"

"My child," answered her father, "they durst not, so dear was the love that my people bore me. Antonio carried us on board a ship, and when we were some leagues out at sea, he forced us into a small boat, without either tackle, sail, or mast; there he left us, as he thought, to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, who loved me, had privately placed in the boat water, provisions, apparel, and some books which I prize above my dukedom."

"Oh, my father," said Miranda, "what a trouble must I have been to you then!"

"No, my love," said Prospero; "you were a little cherub that did preserve me. Your innocent smiles made me to bear up against my misfortunes. Our food lasted till we landed on this desert island, since when my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda, and well have you profited by my instructions."

"Heaven thank you, my dear father," said Miranda. "Now pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea storm?"

'Know, then," said her father, "that by means of this storm, my enemies, the king of Naples and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island."

Having so said, Prospero gently touched his daughter with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep; for the spirit Ariel just then presented himself before his master, to give an account of the tempest, and how he had disposed of the ship's company, and though the spirits were always invisible to Miranda, Prospero did not choose she should hear him holding converse (as would seem to her) with the empty air.

"Well, my brave spirit," said Prospero to Ariel, "how have you performed your task?"

Ariel gave a lively description of the storm and of the terrors of the mariners; and how the king's son, Ferdinand, was the first who leaped into the sea; and his father thought he saw his dear son swallowed up by the waves and lost. "But he is safe," said Ariel, "in a corner of the isle, sitting with his arms folded, sadly

lamenting the loss of the king, his father, whom he concludes drowned. Not a hair of his head is injured, and his princely garments, though drenched in the sea waves, look fresher than before."

"That's my delicate Ariel," said Prospero. "Bring him hither; my daughter must see this young prince. Where is the king, and my brother?"

"I left them," answered Ariel, "searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hopes of finding, thinking they saw him perish. Of the ship's crew not one is missing; though each one thinks himself the only one saved; and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbor."

"Ariel," said Prospero, "thy charge is faithfully performed; but there is more work yet."

"Is there more work?" said Ariel. "Let me remind you, master, you have promised me my liberty. I pray remember I have done you worthy service, told you no lies, made no mistakes, served you without grudge or grumbling."

"How now!" said Prospero. "You do not recollect what a torment I freed you from. Have you forgot the wicked witch, Sycorax, who with age and envy was almost bent double? Where was she born? Speak; tell me."

"Sir, in Algiers," said Ariel.

"Oh, was she so?" said Prospero. "I must recount what you have been, which I find you do not remember.

This bad witch, Sycorax, for her witchcrafts, too terrible to enter human hearing, was banished from Algiers, and here left by the sailors; and because you were a spirit too delicate to execute her wicked commands, she shut you up in a tree, where I found you howling. This torment, remember, I did free you from."

"Pardon me, dear master," said Ariel, ashamed to seem ungrateful; "I will obey your commands."

"Do so," said Prospero, "and I will set you free." He then gave orders what further he would have him do; and away went Ariel, first to where he had left Ferdinand, and found him still sitting on the grass in the same melancholy posture.

"Oh, my young gentleman," said Ariel, when he saw him, "I will soon move you. You must be brought, I find, for the Lady Miranda to have a sight of your pretty person. Come, sir, follow me. He then began singing,

"Full fathom five thy father lies:
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them, — Ding-dong, bell."

This strange news of his lost father soon roused the prince from the stupid fit into which he had fallen. He followed in amazement the sound of Ariel's voice, till it led him to Prospero and Miranda, who were sitting under the shade of a large tree. Now Miranda had never seen a man before, except her own father.

"Miranda," said Prospero, "tell me what you are looking at yonder."

"O father," said Miranda, in a strange surprise, "surely that is a spirit! Lord! how it looks about! Believe me, sir, it is a beautiful creature. Is it not a spirit?"

"No, girl," answered her father; "it eats, and sleeps, and has senses such as we have. This young man you see was in the ship. He is somewhat altered by grief, or you might call him a handsome person. He has lost his companions, and is wandering about to find them."

Miranda, who thought all men had grave faces and gray beards like her father, was delighted with the appearance of this beautiful young prince; and Ferdinand, seeing such a lovely lady in this desert place, and from the strange sounds he had heard, expecting nothing but wonders, thought he was upon an enchanted island, and that Miranda was the goddess of the place, and as such he began to address her.

She timidly answered she was no goddess, but a simple maid, and was going to give him an account of herself, when Prospero interrupted her. He was well

"O father, surely that is a spirit!"

pleased to find they admired each other, for he plainly perceived they had (as we say) fallen in love at first sight; but to try Ferdinand's constancy, he resolved to throw some difficulties in their way; therefore, advancing forward, he addressed the prince with a stern air, telling him he came to the island as a spy, to take it from him who was the lord of it.

"Follow me," said he; "I will tie you, neck and feet together. You shall drink sea water; shellfish, withered roots, and husks of acorns shall be your food."

"No," said Ferdinand, "I will resist such entertainment till I see a more powerful enemy," and drew his sword; but Prospero, waving his magic wand, fixed him to the spot, so that he had no power to move.

Miranda hung upon her father, saying: "Why are you so ungentle? Have pity, sir; I will be his surety. This is the second man I ever saw, and to me he seems a true one."

"Silence," said the father; "one word more will make me chide you, girl! What! an advocate for an impostor! You think there are no more such fine men, having seen only him and Caliban. I tell you, foolish girl, most men as far excel this as he does Caliban." This he said to prove his daughter's constancy; and she replied, "My affections are most humble. I have no wish to see a goodlier man."

"Come on, young man," said Prospero to the prince; "you have no power to disobey me."

"I have not, indeed," answered Ferdinand; and not knowing that it was by magic he was deprived of all power of resistance, he was astonished to find himself so strangely compelled to follow Prospero; looking back on Miranda as long as he could see her, he said, as he went after Prospero into the cave, "My spirits are al bound up, as if I were in a dream; but this man's threats, and the weakness which I feel, would seem light to me if from my prison I might once a day behold this fair maid."

II

Prospero kept Ferdinand not long confined within the cell; he soon brought out his prisoner, and set him a severe task to perform, taking care to let his daughter know the hard labor he had imposed on him, and then, pretending to go into his study, he secretly watched them both.

Prospero had commanded Ferdinand to pile up some heavy logs of wood. Kings' sons not being much used to laborious work, Miranda soon after found her lover almost dying with fatigue. "Alas!" said she, "do not work so hard; my father is at his studies; he is safe for these three hours; pray rest yourself."

"O my dear lady," said Ferdinand, "I dare not. I must finish my task before I take my rest."

"If you will sit down," said Miranda, "I will carry your logs the while." But this Ferdinand would by no

means agree to. Instead of a help, Miranda became a hindrance, for they began a long conversation, so that the business of log-carrying went on very slowly.

Prospero, who had enjoined Ferdinand this task merely as a trial of his love, was not at his books, as his daughter supposed, but was standing by them invisible, to overhear what they said.

Ferdinand inquired her name, which she told, saying it was against her father's express command she did so.

Prospero only smiled at this first instance of his daughter's disobedience, for having by his magic art caused his daughter to fall in love so suddenly, he was not angry that she showed her love by forgetting to obey his commands. And he listened well pleased to a long speech of Ferdinand's, in which he professed to love her above all the ladies he ever saw.

In answer to his praises of her beauty, which he said exceeded all the women in the world, she replied, "I do not remember the face of any woman, nor have I seen any more men than you, my good friend, and my dear father. How features are abroad, I know not; but, believe me, sir, I would not wish any companion in the world but you, nor can my imagination form any shape but yours that I could like. But, sir, I fear I talk to you too freely, and my father's precepts I forget."

At this Prospero smiled, and nodded his head, as much as to say, "This goes on exactly as I could wish; my girl will be queen of Naples."

And then Ferdinand, in another fine long speech (for young princes speak in courtly phrases), told the innocent Miranda he was heir to the crown of Naples, and that she should be his queen.

"Ah! sir," said she, "I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence. I am your wife if you will marry me."

Prospero prevented Ferdinand's thanks by appearing visible before them.

"Fear nothing, my child," said he; "I have overheard, and approve of all you have said. And, Ferdinand, if I have too severely used you, I will make you rich amends by giving you my daughter. All your vexations were but trials of your love, and you have nobly stood the test. Then, as my gift, which your true love has worthily purchased, take my daughter, and do not smile that I boast she is above all praise." He then, telling them that he had business which required his presence, desired they would sit down and talk together till he returned; and this command Miranda seemed not at all disposed to disobey.

When Prospero left them, he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero's brother and the king of Naples. Ariel said he had left them almost out of their senses with fear at the strange things he had caused them to see and hear. When fatigued with wandering about, and famished for want of food, he

had suddenly set before them a delicious banquet, and then, just as they were going to eat, he appeared visible before them in the shape of a harpy, a voracious monster with wings, and the feast vanished away. Then, to their utter amazement, this seeming harpy spoke to them, reminding them of their cruelty in driving Prospero from his dukedom, and leaving him and his infant daughter to perish in the sea; saying that for this cause these terrors were suffered to afflict them.

The king of Naples and Antonio the false brother repented the injustice they had done to Prospero; and Ariel told his master he was certain their penitence was sincere, and that he, though a spirit, could not but pity them.

"Then bring them hither, Ariel," said Prospero; "if you, who are but a spirit feel for their distress, shall not I, who am a human being like themselves, have compassion on them? Bring them quickly, my dainty Ariel."

Ariel soon returned with the king, Antonio, and old Gonzalo in their train, who had followed him, wondering at the wild music he played in the air to draw them on to his master's presence. This Gonzalo was the same who had so kindly provided Prospero formerly with books and provisions, when his wicked brother left him, as he thought, to perish in an open boat in the sea.

Grief and terror had so stupefied their senses that

they did not know Prospero. He first discovered himself to the good old Gonzalo, calling him the preserver of his life; and then his brother and the king knew that he was the injured Prospero.

Antonio, with tears and sad words of sorrow and true repentance, implored his brother's forgiveness, and the king expressed his sincere remorse for having assisted Antonio to depose his brother; and Prospero forgave them; and, upon their engaging to restore his dukedom, he said to the king of Naples, "I have a gift in store for you, too"; and opening a door, showed him his son Ferdinand playing at chess with Miranda.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting, for they each thought the other drowned in the storm.

"Oh, wonder!" said Miranda, "what noble creatures these are! It must surely be a brave world that has such people in it."

The king of Naples was almost as much astonished at the beauty and excellent graces of the young Miranda as his son had been. "Who is this maid?" said he; "she seems the goddess that has parted us and brought us thus together."

"No, sir," answered Ferdinand, smiling, "she is a mortal, but by immortal Providence she is mine; I chose her when I could not ask you, my father, for your consent, not thinking you were alive. She is the daughter to this Prospero, who is the famous duke of

Milan, of whose renown I have heard so much, but never saw him till now; of him I have received a new life; he made himself to me a second father, giving me this dear lady."

"Then I must be her father," said the king; "but oh! how oddly will it sound, that I must ask my child forgiveness."

"No more of that," said Prospero; "let us not remember our troubles past, since they so happily have ended."

And then Prospero embraced his brother, and again assured him of his forgiveness; and said that a wise overruling Providence had permitted that he should be driven from his poor dukedom of Milan, that his daughter might inherit the crown of Naples, for that by their meeting in this desert island it had happened that the king's son had loved Miranda.

These kind words which Prospero spoke, meaning to comfort his brother, so filled Antonio with shame and remorse that he wept and was unable to speak; and the kind old Gonzalo wept to see this joyful reconciliation, and prayed for blessings on the young couple.

Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the harbor, and the sailors all on board her, and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next morning.

"In the meantime," says he, "partake of such refreshments as my poor cave affords; and for your

evening's entertainment I will relate the history of my life from my first landing in this desert island."

He then called for Caliban to prepare food, and set the cave in order; and the company were astonished at the uncouth form and savage appearance of this ugly monster, who (Prospero said) was the only attendant he had to wait upon him.

Before Prospero left the island, he dismissed Ariel from his service, to the great joy of that lively little spirit; who, though he had been a faithful servant to his master, was always longing to enjoy his free liberty, to wander uncontrolled in the air, like a wild bird.

"My quaint Ariel," said Prospero to the little sprite when he made him free, "I shall miss you; yet you shall have your freedom."

"Thank you, my dear master," said Ariel; "but give me leave to attend your ship home with prosperous gales, before you bid farewell to your faithful spirit; and then, master, when I am free, how merrily I shall live!" Here Ariel sung this pretty song: —

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

Prospero then buried deep in the earth his magical books and wand, for he was resolved never more to make use of the magic art. And having thus overcome his enemies, and being reconciled to his brother and the king of Naples, nothing now remained to complete his happiness but to revisit his native land, to take possession of his dukedom, and to witness the happy nuptials of his daughter and Prince Ferdinand, which the king said should be instantly celebrated with great splendor on their return to Naples. At which place, under the safe convoy of the spirit Ariel, they, after a pleasant voyage, soon arrived.

Expression: To read profitably and with pleasure you should adopt and follow some definite plan:—

1. Read the selection silently to get a clear understanding of it.
2. Read it aloud, trying to make others understand it.
3. Decide what kind of story or poem it is.
4. Make a clear picture of the time, the place, the actors.
5. Reread the most important incidents.
6. Study the characters mentioned.
7. Select the most beautiful or the most striking passages.
8. Pass judgment upon the story or poem as a whole, and note its chief claim upon your interest.
9. Study the new words and make sure that you understand the meaning of every one.
10. Finally, read the selection through for the third time, not for study but for your own gratification.

Word Study: *Prospero, Miranda, Sycorax, Caliban, Ariel, Milan, Naples, Antonio, Gonzalo, Ferdinand.* Which of these are names of persons; of places.

SELECTIONS TO BE MEMORIZED

[For other selections to be memorized see pages 193, 212.]

I. The Arrow and the Song[1]

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward in an oak,
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

II. The Finding of the Lyre[2]

There lay upon the ocean's shore
What once a tortoise served to cover;
A year and more, with rush and roar,
The surf had rolled it over,
Had played with it, and flung it by,
As wind and weather might decide it,
Then tossed it high where sand-drifts dry
Cheap burial might provide it.

[1] By Henry W. Longfellow. [2] By James Russell Lowell.

It rested there to bleach or tan,
The rains had soaked, the suns had burned it;
With many a ban the fisherman
Had stumbled o'er and spurned it;
And there the fisher girl would stay,
Conjecturing with her brother
How in their play the poor estray
Might serve some use or other

So there it lay, through wet and dry,
As empty as the last new sonnet,
Till by and by came Mercury,
And having mused upon it,
"Why, here," cried he, "the thing of things
In shape, material, and dimension!
Give it but strings, and, lo, it sings,
A wonderful invention!"

So said, so done; the chords he strained,
And, as his fingers o'er them hovered,
The shell disdained a soul had gained,
The lyre had been discovered.
O empty world that round us lies,
Dead shell, of soul and thought forsaken,
Brought we but eyes like Mercury's,
In thee what songs should waken?

III. The Star-Spangled Banner[1]

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there:
Oh, say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream:
'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner! Oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion

[1] By Francis Scott Key.

A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution;
No refuge should save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave:
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and war's desolation.
Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust":
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

IV. Jog on, Jog on![1]

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a;
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

[1] From "The Winter's Tale," by William Shakespeare.

V. The Chambered Nautilus[1]

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main, —
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purple wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed, —
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed.

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

[1] By Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn.
While on my ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings: —

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

VI. "Farewell to all my Greatness" [1]

Farewell! a long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And, — when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, — nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,

[1] From "Henry VIII," by William Shakespeare.

This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth. My high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new open'd. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have:
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

PROPER NAMES

Ab′i gāĭl
Ad me′tus
Aer′shot
Aix (āks)
Al gierş′
Al′phe us
An dros cog′gin
An tō′nĭ o
A pol′lo
Ar ca′dĭ a
A′rĭ el
Ath′enş
Aus′trĭ a
Bâg dăd′
Be lā′rĭ us
Bi′as
Bon′i façe
Boom (bōm)
Bregenz
(brā gĕnts′)
Brunş′wick
Cad′wal
Cæ′sar
Cal′ĭ ban
Cām′bridge
Can′no bie
Car′lo man
Cham (kăm)
Cle o bu′lus
Cle′on
Co′gĭ a
Cŏr′inth
Çym′be līne
Dal′hem
Del′a wâre
Del′phī
Der′mot
Dirck
Düf′feld
E lў′sian
Fe′lix
Fen′wick
Fĕr′dĭ nand
Fi dē′le
Fields′bor o
Fors′ter
Gess′ler
Ghent
Gon zal′o
Græme (grām)
Greg′or
Ham′e lĭn
Hä roun′
Häs′selt
Hĕr′cu lēş
Hu′guē not
I′kon
Im′o gen
Ivan (ē văn′)
Jaf′far
Jo′ris
Jų′no
Jų′pĭ ter
Kin sale′
Kop′pel berg
Laç e dæ′mon
Laon (län)
Loch gyle′
Loch′in văr
Lŏk′er en
Lo′oz
Lo thâire′
Louis (lōō′is)
Mech′eln
Mī am′ĭ
Mil′an
Mī lē′tus
Mĭ ran′da
Mit y lē′ne
Mo hăm′med
Moş′lem
Na′pleş
Neth′er by
New′cas tle
New′found land
Nizam
(nē zăm′)
Nor′man dy
Nor′vold
Oş′mond
Pal′es tīne
Pit′ta cus
Po′co no
Podg′er
Pol′ў dore
Pri ē′ne
Pros′pĕr o
Rap i dan′
Raschid
(rà shēd′)
Rhōdeş
Rhœcus
(rē′kus)
Rit′ten house
Ro′land
Rouen
(rwän)
Sal teeş′
Săr′a çen
Săsh′ä
Schuylkill
(skōōl′kĭl)
Seine (sân)
Sĭr′ĭ us
Sol′way
Sўc′o rax
Sўr′ĭ a
Tär′ta rў
Thā′leş
Tôn′gres
Traf al gär′
Tўr′ol
Ul′lin
Ul′va
Vē′nus
Ver′ner
Wą′ter ford
Weser (vā′zer)

LIST OF AUTHORS

Adams, Abigail. American writer, wife of John Adams. Massachusetts. 1744–1818.

Arnold, George. American poet and journalist. 1834–1865.

Audubon, John James. American ornithologist and writer of books about birds. Louisiana. 1780–1851.

Avebury, Lord (Sir John Lubbock). English writer. 1834–[1913.

Blake, William. English poet and artist. 1757–1827.

Borrow, George. English writer and traveler. 1803–1881.

Boyesen, Hjalmar Hjorth. Norwegian author in America. 1848–1895.

Brooks, Elbridge S. American author and editor. Massachusetts. 1846–1902.

Brooks, Phillips. American clergyman. Massachusetts. 1835–1893.

Browning, Robert. English poet. 1812–1889.

Burroughs, John. American naturalist and author. New York. 1837–.

Campbell, Thomas. Scottish poet. 1777–1844.

Canton, William. English editor and poet. (Born in China.) 1845–.

Collins, William. English poet. 1721–1759.

Cooke, John Esten. American writer. Virginia. 1830–1886.

Fields, James T. American publisher and author. Massachusetts. 1817–1881.

Finch, Francis Miles. American lawyer and poet. New York. 1827–1907.

Franklin, Benjamin. American statesman. 1706–1790.

Giberne (zhē bûrn'), Agnes. English writer on science.

Harte, Bret. American writer. California. 1839–1902.

Jerome, Jerome K. English humorist and dramatist. 1859–.

Key, Francis Scott. American lawyer and poet. Maryland. 1780–1843.

Knowles, James Sheridan. Irish dramatist. 1784–1862.

Lee, Robert E. American Confederate general. 1807–1870.

Lincoln, Abraham. Sixteenth president of the United States. Illinois. 1809–1865.

Longfellow, Henry W. American poet. (Born in Maine.) Massachusetts. 1807–1882.

Loti, Pierre. (True name Louis M. J. Viaud.) French author. 1850–.

Lover, Samuel. Irish novelist and poet. 1797–1868.

Lowell, James Russell. American poet and prose writer. Massachusetts. 1819–1891.

Miller, Joaquin. American poet. California. 1841–1913.

Parton, James. American author. Massachusetts. 1822–1891.

Penn, William. Founder of Pennsylvania. England. 1644–1718.

Procter, Adelaide Anne. English poet. 1825–1864.

Putnam, Alfred P. American educator.

Reade, Charles. English novelist. 1814–1884.

Ryan, Abram J. American clergyman and poet. Alabama. 1839–1886.

Sangster, Margaret E. American author. New Jersey. 1838–[1912.

Scott, Sir Walter. Scottish novelist and poet. 1771–1832.

Sears, Edmund H. American clergyman and author. 1810–1876.

Shakespeare, William. Celebrated English poet and dramatist. 1564–1616.

Stedman, Edmund Clarence. American poet and critic. New York. 1833–1908.

Taylor, Bayard. American traveler and author. Pennsylvania. 1825–1878.

Taylor, Benjamin F. American journalist and poet. (Born in New York.) Illinois. 1819–1887.

Tennyson, Alfred. English poet. 1809–1892.

Van Dyke, Henry. American clergyman and author. New York. 1852–.

Whittier, John G. American poet. Massachusetts. 1807–1892.

Yonge, Charlotte M. English story-writer. 1823–1901.

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